

Phone 5151 or 2516
FAMOUS KING COAL
Lump \$4.50; Nut \$3.75
PHONE 5151
United Coal Co., Limited



19,240
The average combined circulation of the two papers for the week ending September 14, 1917, was 19,240. This includes the circulation of the two papers for the week ending September 14, 1917, and the circulation of the two papers for the week ending September 14, 1917.

Huns Make Anticipated Raid in England; Hosts Meagre Details

Six or Seven Airships Engaged—Bombs Dropped on Eastern and North-Eastern Counties. A Few in the London Area—No Very Definite Line of Attack Says Official Report.

(By Morning Bulletin Leeds Wire)
LONDON, Oct. 19.—The British official communication dealing with the raid, issued this morning, stated that on the night of Thursday the weather was brilliant, but at a point low down, lifted up from the west, a number of balloons and in the course of the day two and a half ton of bombs were dropped on a large gun position in the rear, on railway sidings near the town of Lincoln.

The following official communication says:
Hostile airships, attacking the eastern and northeastern counties this evening, did not carry out any very definite attack. Six or seven raiders took part in the raid and bombs have been dropped at various points, including a few in the London area. The raid is still in progress.

People hurried to the subways and other shelters, which were not filled, but the raiding continued raining.

The searchlights were active, but no hostile aircraft was seen. It was evident the raiders were prevented from reaching the London district.

BRITISH AIRMEN POMB ENEMY POSITIONS ON THE WEST FRONT

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PARLIAMENT IS TO CONVEY IN PETROGRAD

Afterwards Move Will Be Made to Moscow; Contemplated Sometimes

(By Morning Bulletin Leeds Wire)
PETROGRAD, Oct. 19.—"Though definite date has not been set, it will be the very near future," said M. Kuskov, in announcing the government's intention to move on to Moscow.

In an interview with the Bureau of the press, Kuskov said that the government's intention to move on to Moscow was not a question of time, but a question of place.

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OPPOSITION TO ACTION ON MARGARINE

Admission and Manufacture Would Penalize Butter Making

(By Morning Bulletin Leeds Wire)
NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Sales of margarine in the United States are estimated to be worth \$10,000,000 a year. The margarine industry is a very important one, and the government's action on margarine is a very important one.

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U.S. TROOP SHIP UNDER CONVOY WHEN SUBBED

70 Lives Lost—Torpedoed by an Unseen U-Boat

(By Morning Bulletin Leeds Wire)
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 19.—The U.S. troop ship, the USS. Merrimack, was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine on October 15th and 16th. The ship was carrying 70 lives.

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EASTERN ONTARIO LIBERALS ENDORSE SIR WILFRID; PLEDGE EVERY EFFORT TO WIN WAR

Admiration Expressed for the Life and Work of "The Greatest of All Canadians"—Resolve to Sustain Canada's Part in Prosecuting the War to a Successful Conclusion

(By Morning Bulletin Leeds Wire)
OTTAWA, Oct. 19.—That the meeting of representatives of Eastern Ontario Liberals pledged themselves to support every effort to win the war to a successful conclusion, was the main feature of the meeting.

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RUSS CAPITAL SOON TO MOVE TO MOSCOW

Announcement is Hastened By
Success of Enemy in Baltic

Encounters

Petrograd, Oct. 19.—The government has definitely determined to move to Moscow in the very near future.

Two German torpedo boats were sunk in the mine fields in Moon Sound yesterday, the war office announces.

The sailors of the main Baltic fleet are reported to be keen to fight. The men at Kronstadt are demanding that the ships be sent out to meet the Germans, but the government is understood to have

taken the position that as the enemy forces are of superior size it would be disastrous to leave Petrograd undefended.

cial announcement that the evacuation of the fortified port of Reval, on the Baltic at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, has begun. The schools at Reval have been

Announcement that the government will move to Moscow was

The Germans on Wednesday began to land troops on Dago Island. In the naval battle engagement

on Wednesday in which the Russian battleship Slava was sunk, two German trawlers were sent to the bottom and hits were obtained by Russian battleships on German

The statement says that not less than 10 enemy dreadnaughts of the newest Kaiser and Koenig types, took part in this battle.

Juvenile Court

one would keep her longer than a month and that she had twice stayed out all night. The girl was placed on probation of good conduct, and made a ward of the court.

A young colored woman, whose in-

Upon the production of a certified copy of his marriage certificate, an American youth was dismissed from

contributing to the neglect of a 18-year-old girl, also from the States. This case had been pending for some time awaiting the arrival in Edmonton of the girl's father. Mr. Steer of Rutherford & Grant, appeared for

A nine-year-old boy, whose father is overseas, was charged with stealing a bicycle from the premises of the Dominion Express company. A policeman testified that the boy, when captured, had taken him to the Huy-

The same lad, with another boy,

was arraigned on a second charge of theft, the goods in this instance being stolen from Reed's Bazaar. His mother having agreed to send him to the convent at St. Albert, he was dismissed. The other boy, who had pleaded guilty, was also dismissed with

Six boys were charged with entering a news coach of the C.P.R. and stealing therefrom cigarettes, chocolates and chewing gum. All pleaded guilty. The two ring leaders were fined \$5 each and the amount of damages.

Three boys who broke into the storage room of the Tennis club, near the Technical school, pleaded guilty to stealing racquets and balls there.

from. The racquets, or the money from their sale being recovered, two of the boys were dismissed. The third lad, who had been previously convicted of stealing seeds, was placed on probation.

A boy of 14 was charged with break-

into 9324 111th avenue and of stealing cigarettes and \$9. After being taken to the Children's Shelter, he had dropped from a window, three stories above the ground, but was again taken by the officers. He stated in court that he had been smoking

for five years, having acquired the habit at 9 years of age. His mother, having agreed to take him to a doctor to undergo treatment for this habit, the case was adjourned for one week.

Ye Olde Firme
HEINTZMAN & CO., LTD.





ALWAYS CARRYING A
COMPLETE LINE OF
Victrolas - Records

Heintzman & Co. Ltd
W. J. DAVIS, Mgr.
(Next to Johnstone Walkers)

11


For economy buy the full weight 1-lb. size.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

King George set a good example by doubling his usual Red Cross subscription. His majesty gave \$10,000. The members of the royal family also

to this evening, in the contribution of \$78,460.

TORONTO, Oct. 19.—The Red Cross campaign committee reported at noon today \$906,000 had been subscribed.



LONDON
GUARANTEE AND
ACCIDENT COY. LTD.

THINK OF FORD CARS

Ask Any of Your Neighbors Who Owns a Ford About It.

11

11

**CHESTER MARTIN TO
SPEAK AT TEACHERS'
CONVENTION HERE**

The executive committee of the Northern Alberta Teachers' association announce that the program for forthcoming convention, which will be held in this city on November

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a main speaker for this occasion. It was first expected that Dr. W. F. Osborne, of Manitoba University, would be able to come, but the dates conflicted with a previous engagement. Negotiations were then entered into with Dr. H. A. Fought, of Washington, D. C., an international authority on rural education. Dr. Fought has been making a special study of rural education for the Saskatchewan government, but the dates of the local convention were unfortunately the same as those of the state convention of Indiana, which Dr. Fought was previously engaged to

The service was fortunate on their third attempt in securing the services of Prof. Chester Martin, of Macquarie University. Professor Martin has had considerable experience in both the editorial and political fields and has been a frequent and brilliant speaker in the Canadian West. The subjects of Dr. Martin's address are said to be of the most timely nature and, when the program will be immediately placed in the hands of the printer.

those department for the month of September, which was one of the most successful in its history. While the surplus is not very large, yet the fact must be considered that there were approximately \$220 wages in excess for the month more than in any other month.

During the month 252 "phones" were installed, 168 taken out, and 284 moved. There were 100 subscribers, 100 scribers and 114 telephones.

For the first month of the quarter, a record has been made in collections. On the 1st day of the discount period, \$22,844.07 was taken in over the counter.

the people of what was at stake. Here, in the instance the great sacrifices that these

going in the way of heavy taxes and the curtailment of the luxuries and in some cases the necessities. In Western Canada it was hard to realize that the world was living in the climax of human suffering.

He alluded to the great loss the empire had suffered in the 70,000 students of the universities who had flocked to the colors from the 54 universities of the empire. To overcome the great handicap thus caused there must be a great uplifting of spirit and an elevation of national life to a higher plane.

The appreciation of the audience was voiced in hearty applause at the conclusion of the address.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE™

Records

...very few things in
...world do that

"Voice" Records

...inch, double-sided
...y for Me. E. Cantor

Ed. 18342

by Country	}	18345
Conway's Band		
One-Step	}	
Conway's Band		
inch, double-sided		
Victor Concert Orch.	}	35644
or Concert Orchestra		
Blue Label, double-sided		
with Orpheus Quartet	}	45132
on Olive Kline		
Red Seal Records		
(piano) M. Garrison		64697

Master's Voice™ dealers
of 350-page Musical Ex-
per 9000 Victor Records.
m-o-phone Co.
LIMITED
Lenoir Street
Edmonton Dealers
JONES & CROSS

334 First Street
HEINTZMAN & Co., Limited
10153 Jasper Avenue
Forget!
You cannot purchase Vic.
or any other "His Master's"
but our authorized dealers
There Are No Others!

S CO., LIMITED
ASPER AVE.

**CHESTER MARTIN TO
SPEAK AT TEACHERS
CONVENTION HERE**

Member of Faculty of Manitoba
University to Address Nor-
thern Alberta Association

The executive committee of the Northern Alberta Teachers' association announces that the program for forthcoming convention, which will be held in this city on November 8 and 9, will be mailed to the teachers next week.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a main speaker.

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**'PHONE SURPLUS IS
\$423 OVER ALL THE
MONTH'S CHARGES**

A surplus of \$422.88 over the charges is reported by the City Telephone department for the month of September, which was one of the most successful in its history. While the surplus is not very large, yet the fact must be considered that there were approximately \$220 wages included in this month more than in any other month.

scribers and 114 telephones.
For the first month of the quarter a record has been made in collections. On the last day of the discount period \$12,284.03 was taken in over the counter.

the people of what was at stake. He instanced the great sacrifices that the people of Great Britain were undergoing in the way of heavy taxes and

He referred to the great loss the empire had suffered in the 70,000 students of the universities who had flocked to the colors from the 54 universities of the empire. To overcome the great handicap thus caused there must be a great uplifting of spirit and

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Records

—very few things in
—world do that

Voice" Records

inch, double-sided	
by for Me E. Cantor	18342
ayer Eddie Cantor	
ly Country	
Conway's Band	
One-Step	18345
Conway's Band	
inch, double-sided	
Victor Concert Orch.	35644

Concert Orchestra)
Blue Label, double-sided
with Orpheus Quartet 45132
Olive Kline)
Red Seal Records
Soprano) M. Garrison 64677
ter (Contralto)
Louise Homer 82227

of 550-page Musical En-
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JONES & CROSS
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HEINTZMAN & Co., Limited
10153 Jasper Avenue

There Are No Others!

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ASPER AVE.

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 ITED
 Dealers
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 Street
 Co. Limited
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 Vic.
 Motor as
 alakers
 Others!

Remember There Are No Others!

THE DOUGLAS CO., LIMITED

10032 JASPER AVE.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

**A Man in a Hudson's Bay Suit or Overcoat
Can Defy the Coldest Weather**

values. On sale Saturday, 10/1/94	
\$13.95	\$13.95

The rich silk fabric for suits, coats or children's wear. Each of these qualities is great value at the regular price and a big bargain at the reduced price. Splendidly woven with deep black, black and deep rich shade of black.

With every boy's suit or overcoat purchased here Saturday \$10.00 or more, we will give FREE one boy's \$2.00 watch.

Here is the offer of the season and boys, and parents of boy should not let it pass. Remember, also, we have the largest stock of BOYS' SUITS and OVERCOATS in Edmonton.

Blankets

50 pairs **WHITE BLANKETS** will go on the sale counters at 1:30 a.m. \$8.99 each. They are constructed for hard wear and finished with blue borders. Size 66x84; weight 4.5 lbs. per pair. **\$1.69**

7 lbs. Limit 3 pairs to each and personal sale only. Regular \$7.95 per pair.
for

\$4.95 Women's Serge Dresses at \$19.95

A special selling event of charming Serge Dresses for Saturday. They are made in Navy and black and feature the long, straight lines and large collars. Show the come in sizes for women and miss.

time quality repairs. We are in such demand. We suggest that you give this offer your attention. Regular \$30, \$35, \$40 and \$500 you can have for only **29c** Saturday, per yard.

Hand Bags

350 Women's fine leather hand bags and really gorgeous. A manufacturer's broken line in a splendid range of styles; in-
cluding and made in individual type. Formerly priced from \$25 to \$60. On sale for Saturday only **\$20.00**

Art Sateens and Cretonnes

Gloves 2 30 p.m. Sales on Second Floor

CRACKERS. All first quality gloves—
crack skin from regular stock. Good
slip like rubber—others are regu-
lar. One or two grades; colors black,
white, tan, brown, grey, mode and navy.
Also white with heavy slip and
brocked pattern. ALL SIZES in black
and white, but broken sizes in colors.
For Saturday. **98c**

Very finely twisted thread with a slightly mercerized finish. In white only; sizes 20-30-40. We are discontinuing this line as the retail price is so advanced that we would have to get the ball bear instead of our regular price 10¢. Saturday we will sell this dress at per ball 6¢. 60¢ per yard. 12 1/2 Yards; suitable for even-
 \$1.20; sets from \$1.98 to **15**
 value, per yard, **15**
 Saturday **15**
Georgette Crepe
 12 1/2 Yards Georgette; suitable for even-
 Revised Price On

Men's Boots

choice quality for dress or street wear. Made from soft, smooth calf leather, in either black or dark tan, with the fashionable low and slender welt and Goodyear sole. Cream only. Regular to 45 per yard. Saturday, per yard **27**

neels and today's fash-
sides. Regularly \$6.50 per
pair. On sale Saturday, at
per pair **\$3.95**

quaint
style for school boys. Per
pair
Saturday **\$2.95**

November DESIGNER
Now Ready 10c ea.

Gossard Corset
Never in our history have we sold
values we shall give Saturday at 10c

Sheet Music Sale
 Regular 35c, 40c, 45c to 60c Copies For 29c
 Including standard, popular sheet music and instrumental copies.
 The Music Shop, Inc., 1100 Broadway, New York 10019

\$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50 Values 95c
Personal Sale for the Following Articles
 main-line floor polish mops, coal hods, step-ladders, galvanized

Triangle meat slicer, oil cans, aluminum cooking utensils, wash boilers, food choppers, and various other articles. Values to \$1.50. Saturday, personal sale, for **95c**

<p>Bedspreads</p> <p>White Grecian Bedspreads; splendidly woven from excellent quality yarn; fine weaving and washing quality; full size sheet. \$2.89</p>	<p>Sheeting</p> <p>Flannellette sheeting, made from strong fluffy yarns; 72 in.-wide. 65c</p>	<p>\$1.45</p>
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Each, EXTRA WHITE and gray, per pair.

**NEXT WEEK'S
ATTRACTIONS**

Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

**WHAT PRESS
AGENTS SAY**

THRILLING FILM SPECTACLE AT THE EMPIRE NEXT WEEK

**"Masque of Life" Scores Big Success in New York—Comes to West-
ern Canada For First Time Cost of Production
Said To Be \$600,000.**

"The Masque of Life" which will play at the Empire theatre all next week with daily matinees, has already proved its popular in New York. During a long run at the York theatre where it recently caught the public fancy and stood by the side of the production that is a triumph of thrills and very different from anything ever before seen in America, in a most exciting manner. The claim that it is nearly finished to make does not seem to be exaggerated in the slightest, and ways have been found to weave into a vital modern story all sorts of big dramatic and emotional scenes. In addition to the purely sensational events such as the shooting of a little baby by the champion actress who, pursued by hundreds of people, runs with the price up a hair's breadth. The little circus girl, heroine of the ad-

venture, follows the monkey up the lightning rod wire and this part of the film provides as many thrills as could be imagined on the screen. In fact it is not unusual for women to faint at the moment when the girl is pulled out of the crowd and the crowd of which she is the center. The scene of which the monkey is the center, and where, on the outside of the tent, the monkey is seen, is a triumph of dramatic and emotional scenes. The scene of which the monkey is the center, and where, on the outside of the tent, the monkey is seen, is a triumph of dramatic and emotional scenes.



Showing all next week at the Monarch Theatre.

FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND STORY ADAPTED TO MOTION PICTURES

Another Triumph For Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Which Comes to the Monarch Theatre For All Next Week.

One of the most pretentious film performances ever presented at the Monarch theatre will make its initial appearance there next Monday, when Mary Pickford is seen in her newest aircraft picture "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The film is a story of a young girl, Rebecca, who is the daughter of a wealthy New England family. She is a young girl, who is the daughter of a wealthy New England family. She is a young girl, who is the daughter of a wealthy New England family.

All this is changed in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson. A little girl of a New England village who goes to live with two old maiden aunts. How she finds with the little children, sets to work to get a lamp, and how she finds with the little children, sets to work to get a lamp, and how she finds with the little children, sets to work to get a lamp.

Scene from "The Fall of a Nation," showing at the Empire Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

EMPRESS

**"The Fall of a Nation"—Vittorino
"The Broadway Spectacle"—William Fox**

That much-talked-of film, "The Fall of a Nation," different in theme, but nevertheless the sequel to "The Fall of a Nation," is a story of the first three days of next week. It is a strictly up-to-date story, the same of slavery as it stood in 1861 being forever wiped out. The same of slavery as it stood in 1861 being forever wiped out. The same of slavery as it stood in 1861 being forever wiped out.



Rita Jolivet in a scene from "The Masque of Life," at the Empire theatre all next week.

LITHOGRAPHY

The art of lithography was introduced in America by Henry Inman, a distinguished portrait painter, who was born in Ohio, N.Y., 116 years ago today October 20, 1862. Lithography was a process of producing images upon stone, and transforming them to paper, was invented toward the close of the eighteenth century by Alois Senefelder, a Bavarian. The process was suggested to him by the having of a small amount of stone, which he intended to copy. It occurred to him to try the effect of applying printer's ink to the lines of the stone, and thus taking an impression, and, from this crude beginning, he developed the idea of lithography. In 1796 he succeeded in printing a piece of music from the lines drawn in slight relief. Senefelder patented this process in several of the German states. Lithography was introduced into Italy and France in 1807, and into America in 1822, but it was not until about ten years later that the process was utilized in America.

COMING TO THE EMPIRE

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY

"In Old Kentucky"

WITH ITS "JAZZ" BAND

Thoroughbred horses and our land of scenery.

THIS IS NOT A MOVING PICTURE

MAJESTY

Little Nell in "The Charming" is announced as the attraction "Bluebird Boy" at the Majestic theatre on Monday and Tuesday next, with a clever company of photoplayers in her support. A little girl's faith in fairies although this is not a fairy story serves as the basis of the plot and the remarkable thing, the girl's accomplishment is a tribute to childish faith and sincerity of purpose. Brilliant in its photography, the smoothly running story progresses to the happiest of endings with the little girl coming into her just reward. Bluebird has established an excellent reputation for the class of story of its attractions and there is every assurance at hand that "The Charming" will fully sustain the Bluebird record for the best in the class. The little girl's faith in fairies although this is not a fairy story serves as the basis of the plot and the remarkable thing, the girl's accomplishment is a tribute to childish faith and sincerity of purpose.

Scene from "The Fall of a Nation," showing at the Empire Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

PANTAGES

"THE BEAST AND THE FANTASY"

Herbert Brooks, that whom there is no more clever card manipulator and trickster in vaudeville, comes to the Pantages theatre next week in his world-famed entertainment with a new new twist that lend variety, which after all is the essence as well as the body of vaudeville.

Scene from "The Fall of a Nation," showing at the Empire Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

**Weak Hearted People
Must Not See**

THE SCULPTURE

**Its Thrills
Might Kill Them!**

BIGGEST FILM SHOW ON EARTH

**Notice These
Prices:**

Evenings, 25c and 50c

DAILY MATINEES

Any Seat for Anybody,
25c

REAL ROMANCE
TERRIFIC TRAGEDY
BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY
TREMENDOUS CIRCUS
EXCITING SUSPENSE
HEART THROBS, LAUGHS, TEARS

ALL IN THIS ONE ABSOLUTELY
DIFFERENT SPECTACLE

THEATRE

One week starting Mon.

THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE PHOTOPLAY

MARY PICKFORD

In a Characterization of That
Famous Type of American Childhood

REBECCA OF Sunnybrook Farm

In a cinema portrayal of the Famous Story and Play
by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson

With Musical Accompaniment by
the Monarch Paramount
Orchestra

Performances Start
11.00, 12.45, 2.30, 4.15, 6.00, 7.30,
and 9.15



MARGUERITE AND HER
LEOPARDS PANTAGES

Marguerite and her leopards at the Pantages theatre all next week.

In the City Churches

Anglican

St. Paul's Church—On 52nd street and 11th avenue, Sunday will be observed as children's day. The subject of the sermon in the morning will be "For All, a Full Gospel." The subject of the sermon in the afternoon will be "The Attitude of the Father of the Church." In the evening, the subject of the sermon will be "The Attitude of the Father of the Church." In the morning, the subject of the sermon will be "The Attitude of the Father of the Church." In the afternoon, the subject of the sermon will be "The Attitude of the Father of the Church." In the evening, the subject of the sermon will be "The Attitude of the Father of the Church."

THE WHOLE BODY NEEDS PURE BLOOD

The bones, the muscles, and all the organs of the body depend for their strength and tone and healthy action on pure blood. If the blood is very impure, the muscles become diseased, the muscles become atrophied, the skin loses its beauty and there is a tendency to perform the usual amount of labor. The skin loses its elasticity and becomes dry, brittle and other eruptions disappear. Hood's Serravallo makes pure blood. It is positively unequalled in the treatment of scurvy and other blood diseases, rheumatism, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, and all the ailments that attend it today. All druggists.

Germany Is Losing By Land, Sea and Air

"We can wait," Imperial Chancellor Michaelis assured the Reichstag only last week. "Time is working for us," he declared; and he went on to breathe uncompromising defiance to Germany's foes so long as they dream of restoring Alsace-Lorraine to France or of driving a wedge between the German people and the Emperor: "Until our enemies perceive that they must reduce their claims, so long must the cannon speak and the U-boats do their work." But can Germany wait? Is time working for her or for the Allies? Can the German cannon still speak in compelling tones, and can the German U-boats still do their work effectively? An examination of the available testimony bearing upon these questions is of supreme importance to Germany and to us, and it must be said that the evidence does not reveal grounds for Dr. Michaelis's professed confidence.

In THE LITERARY DIGEST for October 20th, there is a careful summing-up of indications from all quarters bearing upon the present war situation. Residents of Canada will be particularly interested in reading this article as it shows in clear and unmistakable terms that the fortunes of war are assuredly favoring the Allies.

Other articles of unusual interest in this number of THE DIGEST are:

The Limits of Free Speech

The Light of Public Opinion as Reflected in the Newspaper Press Regarding the Attitude of U. S. Senator La Follette.

Good and Evil of United States War Congress.
Congressman Kitchen's "Tax on Brains"
Truculent Germany
"Mother Ships" to Beat U-Boats
Mechanical Brains for Trains
The Trouble with Our Waterways
Making a Farce of Pacifism
The Future of the War-Artists
Humoring H. G. Wells
The Y. M. C. A. Hero

Personal Glimpses of Men and Events
The Milk Profiters
Will Russia Disintegrate?
A Jeremiah from Japan
The New Bridge Over the St. Lawrence
(fully illustrated)
Columbia University's Dismissed Professors
The Negro's Contribution to American Art
The Red Cross Nurses
May We Knit on Sunday?
News of Finance and Industry

A Striking Collection of Interesting Illustrations

"The Digest"—The Busy Man's Bible, the Doubting Man's Dictionary

Those of us who are busy, and which one of us is not in these superstitious times, frequently sigh over the arid wilderness of irrelevant information through which we have to struggle in our daily papers in order to obtain those diamonds in the desert, the items of vital news for which we are seeking. THE LITERARY DIGEST does far more than

merely sift the news. It delivers its resume of world events not from a single paper, which would be to retain the latter's view-point, but from a weekly sifting of all the world-wide publications of the world, recording the result without comment or partiality, adhering to no view-point but reporting the facts of the day, focused from all points, are yours in "The Digest."

October 20th Number On Sale To-day—All News-dealers

The Literary Digest

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

UNEQUALLED PANTAGES

All Next Week at 2 and 8:30 p.m.

The Beast and the Fairy

A Dramatization of the Fairy Story "Zira." Introducing Marguerite and her performing Leopards and Pumas.

Joseph K. Watson
"THE KAMMIE"

JOHNSON-DEAN REVUE

HERBERT BROOKS
The Anglo-American Entertainer.

EMPRESS

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

THOMAS DIXON'S THRILLING SEQUEL TO "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

LORRAINE HULING

THE FALL OF A NATION

For Sublime yet Exact Depiction of Twentieth Century War, There is no other Cinema in the World that Equals this Gigantic Spectacle.

Uncle Sam Afloat and Ashore

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Stuart Holmes

Broadway Sport

MUTT AND JETTY COMEDY

MAJESTY THEATRE

FOR THE LAST TIME TODAY—ART DIAMAS

Rosie O'Grady

Featuring Viola Diana

In a thrillingly dramatic love story.

Our Admission Prices Never Change. Why Pay More? Attend Matinee at 2:30 p.m. at the Majestic.

Methodist

Grace Methodist Church—6th St. and 14th Ave. Special anniversary service. Rev. Thomas Howell, of Calgary, former pastor of the church, will preach at both services and will give a brief address. There will be a special thank offering for the morning and evening services. Morning service, 10:30 a.m. Evening service, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over," solo by Miss Nabel Young.

Highlands Methodist Church—11 a.m. combined service. Adult subject, "The Mission of a Church in a Community." At 7:30 p.m. "Traveller's Day Service," subject, "The Value of a Man."

Newwood Methodist Church—Pastor, Rev. Frederick Williams. The pastor will preach at both services. A solo will be sung at the morning service by Miss E. Elliott. Arrives at the evening service, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over," solo by Miss Nabel Young.

Methodist Church—The pastor, Rev. A. S. Little, M.A., will conduct the morning service. The subject of the morning service is "The Day is Past and Over," solo by Miss Nabel Young.

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Presbyterian

Grison Presbyterian—The regular service will be held on Sunday at 11 a.m. subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Also a two-minute talk on the life of J. H. Johnston for the children, 10:30 a.m. M.A. master, phone 7124.

McQueen Presbyterian—The regular service will be held on Sunday at 11 a.m. subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Also a two-minute talk on the life of J. H. Johnston for the children, 10:30 a.m. M.A. master, phone 7124.

Beverly Presbyterian—The regular service will be held on Sunday at 11 a.m. subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Also a two-minute talk on the life of J. H. Johnston for the children, 10:30 a.m. M.A. master, phone 7124.

First Presbyterian—The regular service will be held on Sunday at 11 a.m. subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Also a two-minute talk on the life of J. H. Johnston for the children, 10:30 a.m. M.A. master, phone 7124.

First Presbyterian—The regular service will be held on Sunday at 11 a.m. subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Also a two-minute talk on the life of J. H. Johnston for the children, 10:30 a.m. M.A. master, phone 7124.

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Baptist

First Baptist Church, 162nd street and 16th avenue. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

Nanaimo Mission—Corner Alberta and 36th street. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

First Baptist Church—Corner Alberta and 36th street. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

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First Baptist Church—Corner Alberta and 36th street. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

Church-Corner

183rd street and 18th avenue. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

First Baptist Church—Corner Alberta and 36th street. Sunday school, 10:30 a.m. Public worship, 11 a.m. Subject, "The Day is Past and Over." Solo by Miss Nabel Young.

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5th GERMAN ROUNDED UP

New York, Oct. 19.—Federal authorities arrested fifty-eight German mechanics at the Teleg-Lang Drydock at Hoboken yesterday. Several others were gathered in during the day and all the prisoners were sent to Ellis Island.

HOLLAND SOURCE OF COAL

Rotterdam, Oct. 19.—Foreign newspapers will not be supplied with bunker coal in Dutch harbours owing to the blockade. This measure, it was, will be taken owing to the scarcity of coal in Holland.

MILL TO MAN!

Here, men, is a matchless array of the very cream of British mills. We show more styles, more new patterns, more new effects, than any other half dozen stores. Whether you want the latest, the smartest, the most dashing effect of the season, or the most subdued conservative styles, you'll find them all here. High-grade woollens, "DIRECT FROM THE MILLS." Every needless middle-man's profit eliminated.

Our great tailoring organization, our great chain of stores, our great purchasing power, our great staff of designers, cutters, and tailors, enable us to do great things for you that are impossible with others.

Suits or Overcoats Made to Your Personal Measure

OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS: Send for samples and free measuring outfit. We guarantee satisfaction by mail.

SCOTLAND WOOLEN MILLS CO. LIMITED

Stores Everywhere. 10045 Jasper Ave. ALDERIC MILLER, Special Agent.



These Headlights Have Received Official Sanction



By the Amendment to the Motor Vehicle Act, passed at the last Session of the Alberta Legislature, all automobiles must conform with the following regulations:—

"The Headlights on all Motor Vehicles shall be so arranged that no portion of the direct beam of reflected or refracted light issuing therefrom shall, when measured 75 feet ahead of such headlight, rise above 42 inches from the level surface on which the vehicle stands."

The Headlights advertised on this page have all been tested and have been found to comply in every essential with the regulations of the Act as quoted above. You may therefore purchase any of them with full assurance that they will be perfectly satisfactory.

MACBETH LENS



Why is the Green Visor Lens the Most Expensive?

IT REQUIRES 72 HOURS TO BUILD ONE MACBETH LENS

When you see a car equipped with Macbeth lenses you recognize the owner as one who does not risk inferiority.

Your safety and that of others on the road at night is too vital to be trusted to makeshift or nondescript lenses.

All upward rays are re-directed down, avoiding waste light and dangerous glare and increasing the brilliancy on the road.

It concentrates light in front of the car and makes a long light on the road.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY. These prisms re-direct the rays of light at exactly the correct angle.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential side-lighting for turning corners.

**DISTINCTIVE!
SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT!**

OUR FIRST SHIPMENT IS ON THE WAY. PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

Burnham-Frith Electric

10170 100th Street.

COMPANY, LIMITED

Edmonton

Phone 6135

Light in Abundance WHERE YOU WANT IT—AND IN COMPLIANCE WITH ALL LEGAL REQUIREMENTS

You get all these in — **'STOPGLARE'**

With phenomenal success, "Stopglare," the wonderful new headlight Prism has swept aside all competitors in contests where tried side by side with the many high priced auto headlight glasses now offered for sale. The Prices of "Stopglare" Prisms are only

\$2.25 plain, \$3.25 with star. Why Pay More?

Motorists are removing four and six dollar glasses and replacing them with the preferable Stopglare Prisms.

Auto Manufacturers are now negotiating for Stopglare as part of their standard equipment.

In recent tests Stopglare Prisms were allowed with 21 candle power lamps, while others giving a dangerous glare were compelled to use 18 candle power lamps.

The Stopglare Prisms have a smooth outer surface; there are thus no corrugations, bubbles or facets to gather dust, mud or snow.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

The Great West Saddlery Co., Ltd.

10137 104th Street.

Phone 6151

Warner-Lenz
Legal
Everywhere

The LAW and the LENS

Warner-Lenz
Legal
Everywhere

Warner-Lenz Has No Direct Beams—Or 42 in. Limitations

Warner-Lenz success proved that glare-lights were unnecessary. So there has come a flood of laws against such glare lights.

Warner-Lenz on
All New Models of

PACKARD
WARMON
WHITE
OHIO ELECTRIC
PIERCE
MOON
STANDARD
SINGER
MCFARLAN
DANIELA
CUNNINGHAM

If you have direct beams—glare rays—they must never reach the eye. Your lens must cast them down. The legal limit for the light is 42 inches above ground.

Your other choice is Warner-Lenz. It is 110 Lenses in one. That diffuses the light, so there are no forbidden beams. On this mellow light—this glareless light—there are no height restrictions.

The Warner-Lenz lights your whole field of vision, and makes it clear as day. It lights the road from 300 to 500 feet ahead. It lights the roadides, near and far. It lights the curves and turns, the upgrades and the downgrades.

Rise and fall of the car does not affect the light, nor does turning of the lens in the lamp rim. That is vitally important.

THEY COST FROM \$1.50 TO \$5.25 PER PAIR.

They last as long as your car. They are legal everywhere, and they remove forever all the tensesness from night driving.

The Chosen Lens

The Warner-Lenz is the lens men bought before the laws compelled it. Over 100,000 cars are now Warner-Lenz equipped. Under present laws they are being added to more than 100,000 cars monthly.

The Warner-Lenz is the lens selected by great engineering staffs. It is already standard equipment on 19 famous makes.

WARNER-LENZ

SOLD IN EDMONTON BY

MOTOR CAR SUPPLY CO., LTD.

10621 Jasper Avenue. Phone 2341

Conaphore Lenses

The Need for a Scientific Headlight

Motorists have long felt the need for a scientific, efficient headlight. For night driving they want a headlight with long range, strong sidelight, and no glare.

The ordinary headlight is not efficient. It has a bulb to give the light and a reflector to reflect it in a powerful beam, but nothing to control the direction of the beam. The glass in it serves merely as protection. Such headlights may have long range, but they also have glare. Their light spreads. Part of it goes in the air dazzling approaching motorists and pedestrians. Accidents result. That is why no-glare laws are being passed everywhere. Tinting the lights downward may reduce glare but it does so at the expense of the light. The light is dumped in front of the car where it is not needed and the range is greatly reduced.

Three Parts Instead of Two

The headlight problem has been scientifically solved by adding to the bulb and the reflector a third part, the Corning Conaphore.

The function of the Conaphore is to direct the rays of light from the bulb and the reflector so that the beam will have a long range, will not glare and will pierce fog or dust.

A New Invention

The Corning Conaphore is an entirely new scientific headlight glass. It is the result of three years of experimentation. It is unlike any no-glare lens or dimmer device. Both design and material are new inventions and are fully protected by patents.

The Corning Conaphore has a smooth outer surface and a series of patented horizontal corrugations on the inner face. These corrugations bend down the light rays and shoot them out in a long, intense beam.

The Corning Conaphore is made of Novol Glass (a patented golden-tint glass) which absorbs the blue and violet rays. The beam of light transmitted by this glass eliminates back-glare and penetrates fog or dust.

Five Major Advantages

- 1 Gives headlight range of 150 feet when a standard bulb of 31 candle power or more is properly focused.
- 2 Cuts out all the glare yet uses all the light, thus complying with all city and state no-glare laws.
- 3 Penetrates fog, dust or smoke, so you can easily drive 25 miles an hour under adverse weather conditions.
- 4 Has strong side-light which illuminates road-side; the Novol beam makes the green stand out so you can distinguish bushes and ditches.
- 5 Never clogs with dust or mud in summer, or with ice or snow in winter, and is easily put on any car.

TRY A PAIR

SOLD WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE BY

The Northern Hardware Co. Ltd.

JASPER & THIRD

THE PLACE FOR MOTOR SUPPLIES

The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK



A bag of German prisoners taken by the British in Flanders.

Rep. Heflin



Accuses four U.S. senators with "suspicious legislation" in connection with the German corruption funds revealed by von Bernstorff's cables, asking permission to pay out \$50,000 to influence Congress.

KERENSKY CHUMMING WITH THE PRIVATE SOLDIERS



One of the first pictures showing the Russian Patriot as he is. This photograph was taken at the front, where he went to encourage the army.

MANAGER BARRY AND RED SOX STARS ENLIST IN THE NAVY



Jack Barry, manager and second baseman; "Chick" Shorten, outfielder, and "Duffy" Lewis, whose brilliant playing won a world's championship for the Boston Red Sox, have enlisted in the navy. This picture shows them in their new uniforms shortly after they had offered their services at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

TEDDY BACKS MITCHELL



Col. Roosevelt emphasizing a point in a speech from the steps of New York city hall, when Mayor Mitchell was urged to again run for office.

Heads Electric Board



Sir A. Williamson, chairman of Electric Power in England.

Must Save To Win



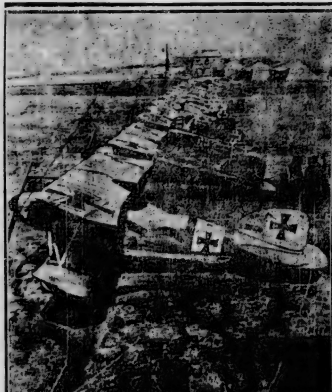
Hamilton Fyfe, war correspondent and member of Lord Northcliffe's party, who declares that the man who wastes food or clothing is a traitor.

Alleged Spy



Bolo Pasha, adventurer and friend of the Khedive of Egypt, now under arrest, charged with having conspired with the enemy to undermine the French press and sow dissension.

THE GERMAN "TANGO CIRCUS"



This is the squadron which killed Guynemer. Forty of these machines surrounded him on his fatal trip.

"PORKY" FLYNN GOES INTO TRAINING TO BATTLE FOR UNCLE SAM—OFF FOR NATIONAL ARMY CAMP



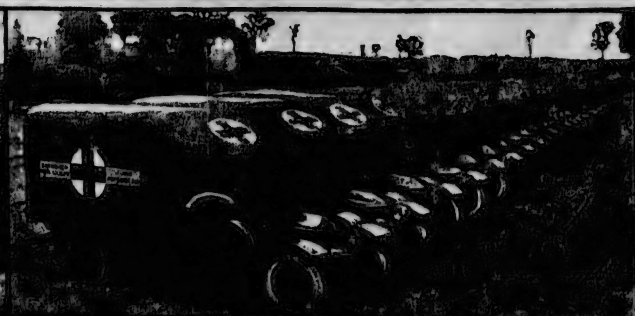
Daniel "Porky" Flynn, the famous Boston heavyweight, has joined Uncle Sam's new National Army at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. He was eager to get into service and has asserted that he will try to make as good a record as Georges Carpentier, France's heavyweight fighter, who has won decorations and citations for his bravery with the aviation corps.

Flynn is resolved to do more than his share for Uncle Sam. He is preparing to hand his best wallop and give proper demonstration of "punch." After having fought with Sam Langford, Fred Fulton, Gunboat Smith, Battling Johnson and Lovinsky, Joe Jeanette and other prominent fighters, he is qualified to handle the Kaiser's best bets a dozen at a time.

Photo shows "Porky" Flynn making his last bow in civilian dress, just before throwing his hat into the ring for Uncle Sam. The picture was made as he left Boston for Camp Devens, where he went with other Boston men to take his place in the ranks of the National Army.



The Battle of Flanders—Cleaning up rifles after coming out of the advance. Photo by Courtesy of C.P.R.



Calcutta Ambulance Cars—A Gift from our Indian Empire. Photo by Courtesy of C.P.R.

An Income For Life—Our Free Christmas Gift

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Worth up to \$35.00, selling at \$22.75.SELECTED FURS
In modes of distinction.SMARTEST OF CAPES AND
MATCHED SETSWARM UNDERWEAR
For the cold weather has also arrived.
FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

EVERYONE who watched this space, as advised, will be pleased to know that

Walter W. Hutton

of The Sun Life Assurance Co.

has this space to use for a series of "Insurance Talks."

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The selection now is large. Select your own style, and leave the rest to us.

BE A TAILORED MAN. The price is very little higher than the ready-made product, and you get absolute satisfaction.

Fall Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS FOR WINTER : BLOOMING :

Hyacinths \$1.50 doz., Daffodils 75c doz., Tulips 35c doz.

Use first shipment has just arrived from Holland. The finest quality of bulbs you can secure. We advise buying your bulbs at once owing to the great scarcity.

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Ladys Wrist Watch

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Any Suit in Our Boys' Department 20% Off.

Boys' Jersey Suits, English make; colors red, brown and maroon. Sizes 2 to 6 years.
Special \$2.25

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Let the Boy Try For the \$2.25 House.

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows of the Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal, open faced and covered with glass—they are approximately 9 1/4 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 1/2 inch deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants advertising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

NECESSITIES FOR THE TEA HOUR

A Splendid Array of

Tea Wagons

We were never better prepared than now to supply your needs in Tea Trays, Tables and Wagons. 8 different designs in Tea Wagons, fumed oak, mahogany and walnut. The designs are "Art Craft," "William and Mary," Jacobean.

Prices from \$11.25 to \$29.25.

The Fulton Service Wagon - \$10.35

This is that compact folding wagon so largely advertised in all the magazines.

Tea Trays run from \$3.15 up.

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Finest Fruits Obtained Fresh Daily

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Aspirin Tablets, 2 grains each, 5 doz. \$10
Hospital Cottle, 2 round rolls, 100 \$10
Pain-Ex, 100 tablets, 100 \$10
Festibule Soap, 100 cakes, 100 \$10
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Misty's Eyes, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Mouth, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Nose, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Skin, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Hair, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Face, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Body, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Eyes, 100 cakes in box \$10
Misty's Mouth, 100 cakes in box \$10
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and a chance on the \$2,250
Free Bungalow, with every ticket.

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Suits or Overcoats

Made to Measure or Ready Made \$25.00 and up

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TRUDEL-Made Furs Have a Distinctive Personality Which Betrays the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work is its Own Recommendation.

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Our Receipts Give Our Customers an Opportunity of Winning the \$2,250 Free Bungalow.

WOOD, COAL AND OIL HEATERS

Now is the time to get one of these heaters while our stock is complete.

Oil Heaters	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$8.50
Wood Heaters	2.75	3.50	4.25
Coal Heaters	10.50	13.00	and up

We also carry a complete line of Fire Place Grates, Fenders, Spark Guards and Fire Sets. We have these in black iron and brass.

A few mantles at wholesale prices.

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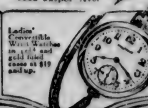
You get full value with every dollar's worth, and an estimate on the \$2,250 Free Bungalow Contest.

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THE FUDGE OF TIME-ACCURACY

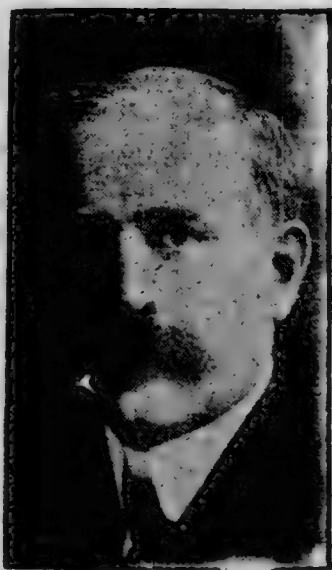
DON'T just wish you were wealthy, get a Waltham. It is the only watch in the world that is a piece of engineering accuracy—a piece of prolonged satisfaction. Just now the range of Waltham watches is at its best. You will find many to please and delight you in its complete size, on hand. You have a watch that once, when you purchase a Waltham. Come in and see these beautiful models today.

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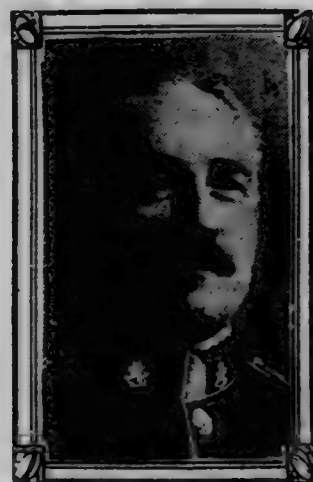
The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1917

New Members of the Boruen Cabinet



Hon. J. A. Calder.



General Newburn.



Right Hon. Sir R. L. Boruen, Premier.



Hon. Hugh Guthrie



Hon. T. A. Greer.



Hon. F. B. Carvell.



Hon. C. C. Ballantyne.



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Hon. A. L. Sifton.

Store Closes Daily
At 5:30
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A Distinctive and Lovely Presentation of

The Smartest New Materials in SILK, VELVET AND WOOL



While Fall Dressmaking is at its height comes an interesting group of offerings of the Weaves most in vogue.

Schreiber's Jersey Coating

A weave de Luxe. Colors Beetroot, taupe, green, Pekin blue, mahogany, brown, navy, and cream. This cloth trimmed with fur or plush produces a most stylish garment. 54 inches wide. A yard **\$5.00**

Plaids and Check Blanket Coating

For the young girl's Sport Coat. Warm, stylish, serviceable. We have nothing to offer with so much intrinsic value for school girls' coats. A wide range of attractive plaids and checks in black and white, tango and black, greens, grays, cardinals, etc. 54 inches wide. A yard **\$2.50**

Beetroot Whitney Coating

An elegant material. A Coating with weight sufficient for the warmest Winter Coat. Has the attractive wave design of the fashionable Whitney; with soft velour finish. 54 in. wide. A yard **\$4.50**

Pussy Willow Satin

The standardizing silk. Gray and marine blue are the leading colors. 40 in. wide. A yard ... **\$4.00**

"Tootal" Cord Velveteen

With guaranteed color and pile; wear guaranteed. All colors; black and cream. 27 inches wide. A yard ... **\$1.25**

"The Pictorial" Winter Fashion Book

Now on sale at Pattern Counter, with free pattern coupon **25c**

Skinner's Satin

Best standard quality. Colors Ivory, gold, rose, silver gray, beaver, Pekin blue, cardinal, emerald, navy and black. Per yard **\$2.00**

BEETROOT AND TAUPE VELOUR—These are the colors that lead. For Fall, velour is the cloth greatest in demand. These are the exact colors and the weight is ideal for Winter Coats. 54 inches wide. A yard **\$6.00**

FINE FRENCH DRESS SERGE—The cloth ideal for present style Billy Burke and Coat Dresses, nicely finished fine French serge; will pleat and drape beautifully; navy and black only. 54 inches wide. A yard **\$3.00**

Plaid Velour Skirting

WINTER STYLES, issued lately, give prominent notice to plaids and checks for "OUTDOOR WEAR SKIRTS." The patterns featured in this special showing will delight the woman of unusual taste—VELOURS and WORSTEDS for quality, and block checks and beautiful plaids, are well represented. One and a half yards makes a stylish skirt. 54 inches wide. A yard **\$5.00**

Wide Width Costume Velvet

THE LATEST FASHIONS give rather unusual attention to velvets; particularly black is featured strongly. This imported quality will measure up well with many offering at more money; firm, close silk finished pile; 44 inches wide. A yard **\$2.75**

Stewart Phonograph



Now that the winter evenings keep us indoors, an ideal, inexpensive source of amusement is found in the Stewart Phonograph. It will play any make or size of disc records, and play them without that grating sound, bringing out the full rich tones. Come in and hear them. The Stewart Phonograph, specially priced **\$8.00**

—Music Section, Floor 2.

Women's Stock Jabet Collars

Here in Abundance

Positively leaders in all Neckwear Fashions for Fall. We have a large and beautiful range of these awaiting your choice. They are made of fine net, lace and georgette crepe. Make your choice while the assortment is at its best. All priced the Ramsey way, at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.50 and **\$4.00**



TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Pulter.

Gossip of Books of the Day

LADY DUFFERIN'S JOURNALS

My Russian and Turkish Journals—By Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava—Splendid and Picturesque Career Described.

Lady Dufferin's splendid and picturesque career as the wife of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava renders the appearance of another volume in the vein of "My Canadian Journal" a gratifying event. The journal letters which are reproduced with comparatively slight change in this book were written during that most interesting period of Lord Dufferin's ambassadorial life, the five years at Petrograd and Constantinople prior to his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India in 1884. However, they contain no direct allusion to the diplomatic procedure of the portentous years in international history that saw the formation of the Triple Alliance. Lady Dufferin chats brightly and amusingly of the social life in the embassies and of her duties as Ambassador, of personal experiences and impressions of personages. Prince Gorchakov, for instance, whose name is associated with so much of historical interest, appears in these pages in the role of "a charming old man of 84, full of the grossest flatteries, expressed in the most delightful manner." With democratic upheaval in the atmosphere at Petrograd, the author is in despair over the dress question through the perpetual fear of mourning. But she writes, "In Russia one seems much nearer to history than at home."

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the delicately archaic flavor of these letters from a period presenting such a sharp contrast to the present one in Russia and Turkey. Their chief interest, however, is in the brightly reflected personality of a gracious lady who inspired intense devotion with in a wide circle. Lady Dufferin moves serenely through the pageant of ambassadorial life, mingling in her chronicle with unstudied effect the stately and the homely. En route for Petrograd, at Berlin, she receives a flattering but unexpected visit from Prince Bismarck, whose "deliberate manner" of speech causes her to feel a little anxious about the time, an audience with the Emperor and Empress having been granted for that afternoon. Lord Dufferin had, however, "the happy thought to send and tell me that the carriage was at the door, and then my visitor picked up his shining helmet and left." The record of two brilliant Russian years with a sombre background is brought to an impressive conclusion with the letters describing the funeral ceremonies of the assassinated Czar Alexander, of whom the reader is afforded a glimpse. Of the service in the palace the author relates one striking effect. In the midst of the concluding rite, the priest reading from the Gospel in a monotonous voice as the imperial family walked out, the soldiers outside were heard greeting the new Emperor. "They all say together some sentence it has the effect of a cheer."

In their stronger individuality, the Turkish journal letters are the more interesting. Lady Dufferin played a particularly bright part in the social life of Constantinople during her years

at the embassy, receiving as a mark of high favor the Order of the Chevakat from the Sultan, Abdul Hamid. She writes inimitably of Turkish ladies and Turkish weddings, of receptions and visits, of winter entertainments and charity bazaars—and of a Christmas-tree fete for the relief of the destitute Jews. There is, also, a vivid picture of the Cairo of the '80s that will appeal to the traveled reader.

CRISP Reviews of New Books; Wide Range of Subjects Treated

IN PARLIAMENT

Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections: 1868-1885. By the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton.

In his reminiscences, as in his long career as a Conservative and a champion of freedom of exchange, Lord George Hamilton is loyal and conscientious to a fault, intolerant of what he aptly calls "political narcotics." He began to write, he tells us in the preface, as a distraction from the anxieties of the war; but he is led through a consideration of the "ghastly failures" of Gladstone's Government, and of the influence upon public opinion of Gladstonian principles, to the formulation of a severe moral indictment of the Facihest or Manchester school of politics. In the concluding chapter, "Reflections," he lays rational and, in a wide sense, pertinent emphasis on the phenomenon of the conscientious objector as a result of the doctrine of laissez-faire and the idea of cultivating "cosmopolitan amity" to the exclusion of self-sacrificing patriotism. On the whole, however, the book is a well-balanced personal record, with a wealth of characterization and anecdote to supplement the political principals and ideas expressed in it.

Lord George gives a particularly sprightly account of the earlier years of the career on which, as he tells us, he was launched "mainly by luck of a chapter of chance." One feature of these pages that calls for comment is that Disraeli appears throughout in a softened and unusually advantageous light, an accessible and kindly figure. Early in his Parliamentary life, Lord George conceived an intense admiration and liking for his "political godfather," who had personally selected him, "very young, quite unknown, and without reputation or experience, as one likely to get on in politics." There are several effective sidelights on the attitude of the Conservative leader toward his protégé, notably the whimsical injunction, "All right, little David; go in and kill Goliath." On one occasion, feeling, as he would express it, a little bumptious, Lord George said: "You see, Mr. Disraeli, that I was quite right in all I said the other day." "Oh, were you?" was the reply; "then, my dear boy, say it all over again."

Lord George brings out, with a descriptive facility occasionally bordering on the epigrammatic, the inner traits of many interesting Parliamentary figures, of Goschen, Cairns, Hartington, and Salisbury, in particular. The description of Bishop Magee addressing the House of Lords is excellent, as is also the sketch of Delane, the degenerate editor of The Times. Of Gladstone, Lord George has, naturally enough, little to say that is particularly illuminating in the way of personal characterization. A sense of distrust, fostered by many years of observation and experience as an active antagonist, has led him to place what the impartial reader will no doubt regard as undue emphasis on the disingenuousness and sophistry of the great exponent of Liberalism. He cites one very amusing instance of Gladstonian quickness and unfairness in debate. Gladstone was speaking in Commons, when some one interrupted him from the Ministerial side.

He thought that it was Lord Barrington who so interrupted. Lord Barrington was sitting in an immaculate costume on the Treasury Bench, so he turned on him and said: "What does the noble lord know of this question? Has he given it the full bent of

his intelligent mind so as to justify him in thus interrupting me?"—and a great deal more of the same kind of language. At last poor Barrington got up and said: "I beg the right honorable gentleman's pardon—I never opened my mouth." Instead of apologizing, Gladstone replied: "Then why does the noble lord appropriate to himself my observations?"

Sergt. Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top," has turned out a handy little book for the benefit of his fellow Americans who are soon to make the ascent over the parapet. It contains all manner of tips as to what to do and what not to do.

Winston Churchill, who wrote "The Inside of the Cup," has just published another book dealing with social conditions. It is called "The Dwelling Place of Light," and already has made a sensation in the east, where it has been seen.

Claude Graham-White has a book out all about Air-Power: Naval, Military and Commercial.

what and who is who. Still, mystery must be preserved at all costs, and how the lovers are eventually brought into each others' arms would certainly have told their respective hair gray had it happened anywhere but in a novel.

The characters of the story are well done. Lupin, when he finally comes upon the scene, dominates the action. His new exploits, it may be, are not so sensational as those that enthralled us some years ago. But the plot is intricate enough to keep one busy "guessing" in the attempt to unravel it.

'No Man's Land' Confused, Vivid, Gay and Solemn

"No Man's Land," by "Sapper," is a book that may be read in a library chair, in the subway, at an office desk, at a restaurant table during the wait, by men and women experienced in suffering and by those new to emotional crises, and it will bring to each reader an awakening stab of realization of what this individual war is to the individual soldier. That is the author's idea, to make a picture of the individual's part in the war, and he dedicates his book to the infantryman "who has saved the world."

His picture is a curious arrangement of apparently unrelated patches, it is grim, coarse, sentimental, beautiful, gay, solemn and trilling by turns, but, as a whole, undeniably convincing. The large proportion of elaborate boyish persiflage, trite sentiment, clumsy humor, jejune philosophy, and young scorn of superiors in office and the outer world generally, help to make it convincing. You read a passage of a hundred and fifty words or more dedicated to asking for a requisition for a dozen panks, and you are doubtful until you remember how much the reticent English talk among themselves. You worry through a chapter on the efforts of a cubist to achieve camouflage and ask yourself whether the men who could perceive an exquisite humor in the descriptions are yet out of school. Then you suddenly remember that most of them are not, that the army ranks are full of boys who have brought their sport-loving minds to bear on the great game of killing.

The "Sapper" has not stopped with defining a type. He has insisted upon our knowing what the individuals composing the type have to go through with bears but a faint resemblance to the "sports" in which they had their training; and nothing is spared. The smallest details, a smile on a face that has been shot to pieces, are marshalled in the cause of realism.

"No Man's Land" is a strange, ill-written, confused and vivid book, pulled out of the frightful turmoil of the present. It is not art, but material for art, and that, just now, is better.

Two Latest Books

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING,
By H. G. Wells

\$1.25

CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

What Sort of Book Interests You?

It doesn't matter much
for you'll find it here.

Dilers' Book Store

10124 Jasper.

Vimy Ridge

What chivalry lies sleeping at thy breast,
And gallant loves, brave hopes and deeds of might,
Poured out as wine from altars of the west—
Strong prairie sons and proud Columbia's best,
Who died for Empire, liberty and right,
And, so inspired, achieved the final height
Of sacrifice upon thy tortured crest.
Their deeds will shine through years undreamed, to light
The steeper ways of men as yet unborn,
When passions cool—and peace comes with the morn.
Let spruce and pine that know the western sun
Stand sentinel where heroes fell rose-crowned
At last with deathless honors dearly won
To guard with jealous branch thy holy ground.

—Stanley Harrison.

A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS



Village of Hundred Supports Music Club Why Not in Alberta?

Outville, Ohio, may not be the smallest town in the world, but it is the smallest town that supports a music club. A village of about 100 persons, without a hotel or a town hall, and only two public buildings, a school and a church, Outville still maintains a music club that to date has thirty members. It is an inspiration to many communities in this province and could be duplicated if some one took hold. Mrs. Ella May Smith, honorary president of the club, recently told of its beginnings in an article published in "Musical America."

In June, 1913, Mrs. Ella May Smith, of Columbia, suggested to her pupil, Mrs. Frank P. Letherman, of Outville, Ohio, that she give a song recital at her home town. Mrs. Letherman gave the recital and Mrs. Smith made a short address on "The Influence of a Music Club in a Community." At this very first concert in the history of the town, Mrs. Smith proposed that those present form a music club after the program was completed. Her suggestion was received with delight and a club was formed on the spot.

In telling of the workings of the club, Mrs. Letherman, its president, said: "Our club dues are twenty-five cents for active members, and we charge fifty cents for the ten tickets

for the season's public recitals. We have given forty-two public recitals in our church, besides our little meetings at our several homes during the entire year. We went right into the National Federation of Music clubs the first year, and into the state federation this last year."

This little club has a band of twelve pieces, a small orchestra, and a music library. Through the club, a music teacher for the school has been obtained from the board of education. Excellent talent from the neighboring cities visits Outville once a month and furnishes splendid programmes.

Mrs. Smith summarizes the situation when she says:

"The prosperity of this club should be an inspiration to every little town. Teams of horses, wagons, saddle horses, single and double buggies and automobiles standing drawn up about the fence in front of the church at 7:30 Saturday evening in each month, and were you to realize that the interest never wanes and that, no difference what the weather, there was always an audience to greet the young musicians, it would convince you that all the world of men, women and children want more music in their lives and more life in their music."

Canadians Should Learn to Sing "Intelligently and Intelligibly"

When a choirmaster declared at a church meeting that it was his desire that his choristers should sing intelligently the pastor made an admirable and pertinent interpolation. "And intelligently," he said. Why do so many singers fail to get the words into the ear of the man in the back seat?

One reason lies in the careless manner in which most Canadians use the English language in their ordinary conversation. "Never heard-asuchathing" is a common way of saying "I never heard of such a thing," and "Whatdiesay" for a question of four words is not unknown even in our best society. The first duty of a singer is to learn the English language and to speak it with propriety. Then he or she must remember a cardinal principle of vocal art—that in singing one must pronounce the words twice as distinctly as in measured and cultured speech.

Is one particular vocal teachers are at fault. They spend so much time upon the vowels that the poor consonants become a family of Cinderellas sitting neglected in dark places. Vowel sounds are important, indeed vital. All tone is produced on vowels. But if vowel tone is to be useful in song it must begin and end properly. Hundreds of singers do not know that

the pronunciation of a consonant is as instantaneous as a rifle-shot. It cannot be delayed or drawn out. Therefore special care must be taken to compel the organs of one's voice to perform their functions accurately. Final consonants, especially those following a broad vowel are slurred over. Take the line "Deep as the sea." Not one singer out of twenty will pronounce the "p" in "deep" so that it can be heard three feet away. He or she will go through the motion of pronouncing it, but no sound will come. Then also our lip muscles are stiff from lack of use. Singers who desire to be intelligible will be wise to fix for themselves a series of lip exercises based on the explosive pronunciation of consonants. The result of such exercises would amaze them.

There will be no German opera in Chicago this winter, at least, not under Campanini's direction. The announcement of the season, as issued from his office, states: "The support accorded the German operas last season indicated such a lack of interest that Maestro Campanini was prompted to eliminate them from the repertoire for the coming season."

Columbia University opened its new academic year last week, and one of the first acts of the officials of that institution was to put a ban on all Teutonic music. President Nicholas Murray Butler's edict being: "Nothing seditious at Columbia this year."

Everything is going up along the H. C. of L. even Puccini. For the vocal score of his new work "La Rondine," the publishers are asking the modest sum of \$8. net.

In A. Eaglefield Hull's book, "Seriatim," he mentions a Clarence Lucas article in the Musical Courier, and alludes to that writer's style as "characteristically American." This will surprise no one more than Mr. Lucas himself, who was born in Canada and educated there and in England.

W. G. Grant, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO

Musical Director
Alberta College North

Organist and Choirmaster
First Presbyterian Church

NOTES On and Off the Liré

Sometimes a very small matter may alter the entire plans of an artist. An amusing story is told of Albani. She had planned to make her debut at the Drury Lane theatre under the late Colonel Mapleson if he found her voice satisfactory. By the simplest accident the cab driver took her by mistake to the Covent Garden theatre, where she was heard by Mr. Gye, whom she thought was Mapleson. Gye saw at once that he had a great find and induced the singer to sign a contract before he revealed his own identity. Albani made an immediate hit and raised the fortunes of Covent Garden instead of Drury Lane.

The ladies are to the front again. There has been organized in London the Union of Lady Musicians. The objects of this new association are to raise funds for the advancement and organization of its members, for their relations with their employers, and for their mutual help in financial grants in the cases of sickness and unemployment. The war has depleted the ranks of the regular male players in the orchestras and the managers of the theatres have been compelled to avail themselves of the assistance of thousands of women instrumentalists. Generally speaking they are said to be giving excellent satisfaction.

Word comes from the front that the Welsh soldiers retain the old poetry of the Welsh hills in their hearts, and the music of the valleys in their souls. When not busy fighting or training they are continually singing. Each company has its own glee party, and in the woods and fields behind the battle line they sing the old songs of Wales and the hymns and ballads, with beautiful harmonies. If the Germans heard their voices stealing across No Man's Land, as they doubtless do sometimes, the enemy must know that the British morale is still excellent.

The opening performance in Montreal of the San Carlo Opera Company attracted the largest house Montreal ever knew. Thousands were turned away. The consuls of all the Allied nations were present and Impresario Gallo presented \$1,000 of the receipts to the Red Cross. The presentation of "Gloconda" was greeted with unbridled enthusiasm. The past week at Quebec was also a series of striking successes.

Paderewski Cancellations.

Notwithstanding report in a New York daily paper that the story of Paderewski cancelling all concert engagements this winter is untrue, it can be stated with positive certainty that the Paderewski management has cancelled all dates from the scheduled opening at San Francisco on September 30 to April 1, 1918. Paderewski and Mme. Paderewski left their ranch at Paso Robles, Cal., on September 13 for Chicago and the east, probably upon a political mission having to do with Poland.

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Boredom the Death Of Church Choirs Repetition is Cause

Church choristers often become bored. Perhaps one reason lies in the incessant repetition of anthems which they have known for ten years more or less, anthems simple in their design, commonplace in their interval, and not artistically worthy. There is no field of music where more novelties abide than in the cases of octave anthems. Judicious browsing by the choirmaster in a music store is a profitable and interesting activity, not only for him, but for the choristers and for the congregation. Some of the newer works are of reasonable difficulty but of exceptional vigor and emotional appeal. Perhaps the interest of the choir would be revived by a change from the agreeable trivialities of Simper and F. C. Maker and a peep into the pages of Noble.

Here arises the old question. Is it better to do an easy thing well or a difficult thing poorly? Certainly the easy thing well done will always be more satisfactory. But in these days must any choir can do the difficult thing well. Therefore why should they be tied to trivialities? Boredom is the death of the choir. Boredom can be cured by enthusiasm in the director, provided that enthusiasm is the product of knowledge. Enthusiasm will seek out new and beautiful things. It will insist on careful performance of everything attempted.

Sousa's New Band

Sousa—now Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, U.S.N.—has a band of 200 pieces and is going about the States playing patriotic and national airs for concerts organized for patriotic purposes. He has perhaps the most wonderful group of instrumentalists ever gathered together in the States. The moment he was given the commission and authority to recruit for his band he got officers from all over the country. All the men must enlist in the ordinary way. He has found some sterling material in the ranks. Sousa's band outranks the famous Marine Corps band in point of size and is the equal of anything heard. It is said, as far as perfection in execution and wealth of tonal qualities is concerned, outside the famous Guards bands from England.

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A Tribute

A fine tribute has been paid to the late Madame Carreno, whose passing will be, for the musical world, one of the clouds of 1917, for Carreno was undoubtedly one of the world's greatest women pianists. This is in the form of a sonnet which has appeared in "Music" over the signature of Olive Trupin.

Others have touched the key with power and wrought Great miracles of music in my ears; But when you played the notes were golden tears.

With pain and passion exquisitely fraught.

Round and complete, the symbol of a thought

From some great master's brain. Such genius fears

No limitation, and the passing years Had taken from you less than they had brought.

The sunshine of the South was in your veins,

The haunting sadness of a glorious past,

The splendor and the triumph that were Spain's.

The loveliness she holds until the last. You poured your soul upon the enraptured air.

And music's very self stood quivering there!

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT

By Ruth Sawyer

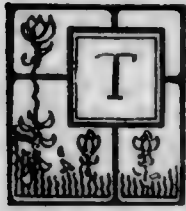
AUTHOR OF "A PIG'S CHRISTMAS," ETC

Illustrated by M. D. Smith

One stone may change the course of a stream;

One word may break a nation's strife;
One day, with its sum of work and dream,

May make or unmake a human life.



THE Runt wriggled himself farther into the A. D. T. bench and blew on his fingers. For days he had battled with the cold wind, with loneliness and with fear; and now they had turned upon him like a triple-headed monster, before which his fighting spirit was as chaff.

The wind took him first. It shriveled his already small body into such smallness that he was obliged to search for it, with many wriggles, inside his blue uniform. His fingers and toes ached. He stopped blowing, drew his fingers inside the sleeves of his coat and closed his eyes. There was cold in Ireland—aye, plenty of it, but there was always the glow of a peat fire, somewhere, to soften it.

Odorous whiffs of coffee and fried cakes from the Rosten Lunch, next door, unkindly reminded him that his stomach was empty. Then loneliness took him—a loneliness which seemed to tear at the very heart of him.

There was hunger in Ireland, too—bitter hunger—but it always had company. Those that had straboud shared with those that had gone; and there were griddlebread and tea to be had, somewhere, for the asking. Loneliness, sometimes, sat on your doorstep, or your neighbors', but it never reached the hearthside; and there was always room at some hearthside, even for a stranger.

But in this promised land it was different. There seemed to be no room for strangers, save in bad company, and one was denied the touch of a creature one could call one's own. Why, in Ireland, even the sorriest vagabond had a dog to share his doleful food and heap of sacks!

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THERE was a strangely alien quality about this country that still troubled the Runt after two years of residence. He wondered if the Blessed Virgin ever saw beyond the altar railing of the churches here. In Ireland, he knew, she walked upon the hills, guarding the cabins all about!

The Runt shuddered, for fear had taken him, laying cold, tight fingers on his heart. How could a lad keep from the friendliness of bad company in a land where the respectable and the law-abiding saw in him something undersized and ill conditioned, to be distrusted or ignored? Only that Father O'Donnolly had known his people in the home land, and stood sponsor for him, he never would have been taken into the rigid arms of "the service."

Evil had first boused him and fed him. He slept under her roofree now; and he knew that it would be but a matter of weeks—of days, perhaps—before she would claim him and drag him on, on to that bottomless gulf which he had been told awaited all sinners. He could see the gulf already, stretching black and yawning before him. He could feel his feet slipping over the crumbling edge of it; while Evil, with her wheedling voice, drove him relentlessly forward.

Aye, he could feel her towering above him—her face like some horrible ghoul. Her hands were on his shoulders now, pushing him down, down—

"No, 107, do you hear? Wake up! Wake up!"

The office clerk was bending over him and shaking him back to consciousness with no gentle hand.

"What do ye want?" he demanded sleepily.

"What do I want?" roared the clerk. "Take this call, and beat it!"

The Runt pulled himself out of the

The love of a dog and the sympathy of a man—both came to cheer the heart of the lonesome Irish lad in his hour of temptation

A. D. T. bench and shuffled toward the door.

"Look here!" called the clerk after him. "You make good time on that call, understand? You haven't been Johnny-on-the-job lately, and it won't take much to fire you. Now hustle!"

The Runt scarcely heard; he was too busy dreading the wind outside. As he pulled the door open it rushed in between the buttons of his coat, up his sleeves and down his collar and set him shivering and shivering anew. He beat his chest with both fists, as if he were fighting a live thing.

"Even the wind is crueler hereabout!" he muttered.

Then he set his steps toward the call. His whole being rebelled against the dullness of those calls. If only something besides letters and packages, curt admissions and curt dismissals, ever greeted him! He was tired of being told to hustle; no one ever hustled in Ireland. But in this promised land you ran here and you ran there all day long, and somebody always said "Faster!"

For the last fortnight the Runt had wished that each call had been his last. Now suppose this call was the last; suppose he went back, threw his uniform into the face of "the service" and told them all to go to thunder! Afterward he would go and join the gang.

There was much good in the gang. Their ways might be evil, but their hearts were kind; and they had spoken truly—there was no chance for the small and the vagabond in this country. Didn't he—the Runt—know?

If everything prospered, as Red Dave had sworn it would, he would make his pile and go back to Ireland. He would buy a bit of land on the side of Blinn Ban and build the grandest thatched cottage in the whole countryside. He would have geese and geanders a plenty, sheep in the pastures and pigs in the byre. And for company—there would be a dog.

He ran up the steps of the house whence the call had come and rang the bell.

Aye, it would be a dog like the one Pater, the tailor, had—a terrier.

The door opened. In the hall stood a man, evidently waiting for the messenger; and in a near corner shivered a small, wire-haired Irish terrier. The man picked the terrier up.

"You are to take him to the address on his collar. He's a valuable dog, so look after him. The doctor who has bought him pays the charges at the other end. Now hustle!"

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II.

AS ONE in a dream, who sees what his heart most desires at last within reach, and fears he may awaken before he gets it, the Runt jumped over the doormat and gathered the terrier hungrily in his arms. The man misunderstood; and the inevitable distrust that followed the Runt like his very shadow fell again across his path.

"Look here!" The man eyed him with kindling suspicion. "Don't you try stealing that dog! I am going to call up the doctor the minute you leave, and if you don't get that dog down to him in half an hour he will have the whole New York police force after you!"

"I'm no thief—yet!" retorted the Runt angrily; and he ran down the steps.

At the corner of the street he stopped to read the address on the collar. The dog still shivered.

"Ye poor wee wan, ye've got the feelin', too! An' ye look about as thin in your coat and pants as I'm feelin' in mine!" A sudden idea brought a laugh to his lips. "Faith, ye'll fit in where I've shrunk—an' 'twill keep ye warmer!"

The Runt unbuttoned his blue coat and tucked the dog inside. It might have been the touch of the warm little body against his own, or it might have been the friendly lick that the dog gave his cold fingers; but something wrought the bond of comradeship on the spot and welded it, strong, between these two.

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THE next moment the Runt was clasping his arms closely about the buttoned-in terrier, while his eyes were shining with the first joy he had known since his feet had trod the ways of the stranger.

"He'd be a friend worth havin'," he muttered. "Say, would ye like to be a pal o' mine?"

The terrier reached out from between the buttons and gave the lad's hand another lick.

"Sure, I'm gettin' me dawg afore I've built me cabin! Ye'd like Ireland first rate, wee wan," he assured the terrier.

The terrier blinked his approval; and the two hurried on. Cold, loneliness and fear crossed the street and passed from sight, while boldness and villainy took their places. On the street where the doctor lived they mastered the Runt; and, showing how strong was the bond between these two, he let the terrier know of it at once.

"Ye are not goin' to where ye are sent, at all," he whispered breathlessly. "I'm keepin' ye for the day."

To confirm it he turned about and started for the East Side wharves. The Runt had forgotten the yawning gulf and the ghoul-like face of Evil as well. Instead, he looked down into the friendly eyes of a small Irish terrier.

Suddenly the day grew warmer; the sun shone brightly overhead, and the Runt, looking up, spied a welcome strip of blue in the sky.

"Do ye see that?" he asked, tilting the terrier's head up. "Well, if ye think that's blue, what will ye say to the sky back o' Blinn Ban?"

It was too much for the terrier. He gave it up and smuggled his nose into the Runt's hand.

"Ye wee bit of a creature! I'll be lettin' ye chase the gandthers over yonder if ye'll not go at them too hearty. Now, would ye be buyin' the land that's south o' the slope, or the bit furthest the bogland, lyin' toward the sea?"

The two years of strangeness had slipped from him; he was back in his home land, tramping the hills again. The freshness of the memories surprised even himself.

"I mind it all—do ye hear, wee wan? I mind it all as if it were yesterday. Faith, if I close me eyes I could put me hand down this minute on the patch of cotton-grass where Dan Hegarty an' me used for to be studyin' our books of an afternoon, after school!"

The terrier believed him; but the policeman on the last street bounding the wharves evidently did not, for he jerked the Runt back from the patch of cotton-grass with a heavy hand.

"What are ye doing with that dog?" For a second the Runt was frightened; then he laughed.

"Say, ye needn't get hot on your job till ye catch me with a dawg that's got a pedigree furnishin'. Anywan to look at him would know that he hadn't any bet-

ther blood in him than I've got myself. Him an' me is pals, that's what!"

"You're not much on looks, either of you, that's sure," agreed the policeman; and the Runt passed safely from under the eye of the law.

"I might have lost ye," he whispered into the terrier's one visible ear. "I'm thinkin' we'd be safer undther cover."

It was while the two were climbing the rickety stairs to the garret where the Runt had one of five bundles of sacks under an uncertain roof that the realization came to him with bewildering force of whither his boldness was leading him. The shock fastened his feet to the landing and left him clutching at the banisters.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he gasped, over and over again. "The gang has got a hold of me now, I'm thinkin', for the service'll fire me, sure!"

It might not be too late to go back. He might somehow explain the delay and ward off the doctor's complaint and the wrath of "the service." But the dull monotony of it all came rushing in on him, along with the loneliness, and it only made him hug the terrier closer and say fiercely:

"No, no, I'll not be givin' ye up for the service nor nothin' else—not till the day's gone!"

Once in the garret, he tossed his hat to a corner, unbuttoned his coat for the terrier's exit, and together they curled up on the Runt's particular heap of sacks. They drew an old quilt over them. It was biting cold; the one beary-eyed window was thick with frost, and the Runt's breath showed visibly against the light that straggled through.

Everything was very quiet. This particular roofree sheltered souls with questionable occupations, whose business it was to be quiet; and, though people came and went continuously, not a footfall was heard on the rickety stairs. The gang that rented the garret was away on an out-of-town "spid," and the Runt knew that the place would be his until the next day.

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HE HAD been kept awake most of the night before listening to their wrangles over the plans. In fact, he could have given a fairly accurate account of the whole deal had he wished. It was strange that, whereas the world, as he met it through "the service" and the law, distrusted him these crooks trusted him implicitly. They talked as openly before him as if he had been one of them.

The only time a leash was ever on their tongues was when a "spid" took an unsavory turn and one of them got punched. This had happened twice; and they had had to tell a story of the forming of a new gang, with a prospect of bigger game, so that the Runt would never know that "Mealy" and "J. P." had gone to serve their time in Sing Sing. They wanted him to join them, and they wished to dazzle his eyes with only the glittering side of each adventure. No wonder tales of his own country were more enthralling than the ones Red Dave told him as he sat cross-legged, night after night, on his pile of sacks, listening. And as he drank in each thrilling detail the gang would observe, and nod their heads with approval.

"That'll fetch him—see if it don't!" Red Dave had said a hundred times. But the Runt had rolled off to sleep without even voicing a desire to join; and in the morning he had awakened to turn his face resolutely toward the A. D. T. bench and the drudgery of the calls.

Still the gang trusted and hoped. "He'll make a peach of a stall, with that way of his, once we get him!"

And Little Jake had rubbed the palms of his hands together with great unction and chuckled:

"Vell, you shall see—leetle flings vill vave away ze tickest bar; und he vav bendin'!"

It was a marvel to them that the breaking had not come sooner; but they only liked him the better for it.

Perhaps they would have marveled more had they known that the strength of his resistance lay in a string of old brown beads hid in one of the myriad creases of the sacking bed. After the gang was especially successful, or more than usually kind, and the Runt felt his feet turning from the lonely straight road to the broad and pleasant way of the sinner, then would his fingers steal into the creases until they found the beads. Stealthily, under cover of the quilt, he would tell the rosary over and over, until he fell asleep to dream himself back on the hills of Ireland, where the Virgin walked.

The terrier pawed his coat for attane-



"It is good you have come, Rene, my friend, for hell it is almost froze!"

tell the general what the daredevil, Jack Bertrand, he say, when the artillery of the Boches begin again. It is like the several volcanoes erupting at the same time. "They establish the barrage to prevent the counter attack that they think will come; our second line it is like the, what you call, inferno. But upon Troisvilles in particular they hurt the hell fire. For M'sieu will understand that from the Troisvilles what have been our first line it is, what you call, enfilade, to the right and to the left; so that if they win not the Troisvilles all their bravery, all their loss—and it have been frightful, as we learn after—it will be as nothing. For when the counter attack shall come there will be the hole made already in the new line they have establish where our first line it have been.

And the counter attack it come. Indeed, yes, M'sieu! Summon by the field telephone, the reserves they pour upon the second line—now the first. In the automobile, in the lorries—the motor truck, in the ambulance they come, any-

thing to get there. They come to the music of our artillery, hurling the three shell for the Boches' two, for all their industry. They come to the music of the guns of the Troisvilles still answering the Boches' fire—"Ull hell freeze-ovalre."

I am with the general when the counter attack it is prepare. His face it is white, and very, very grim; and from time to time he pause to listen—to listen to the artillery of ours and the Boches talking to each other, to listen to the guns of the Troisvilles, still hurling defiance at the foe. Once he say to me: "Rene, did you say it is the Lieutenant Bertrand that send the message?"

"Yes, general."

He smile—the first time that night—a grim smile, and he say:

"He is the gallant soldier, Rene."

That is all, M'sieu, but, ah, it is much when General Armand de Villardouin say it.

It is half the hour to the dawn when, after the artillery have hurl the last ter-

rific hurricane of death upon the Boches, that the rockets give the signal for our brave poilus to go forward. The moon it have risen at midnight, and it is still high in the heaven, and by its light and the light of the star bombe our poilus climb out of the trenches. Like lions let loose they go, M'sieu, yet with the order, the sang-froid, the what you call, bulldog determination, that makes the poilu the terrible soldier that he is.

I have implore the general that I be permit to go with the unit that will bring rescue to the Troisvilles, and he have say:

"Go, Rene, go; the dear friend, Lieutenant Bertrand, he is worthy the attention at your hands."

And so, although I go to the pit of hell, M'sieu, I go with the laugh on my lips, the joy in my heart.

Ah, it is the grand fait d'armes, M'sieu, that attack. We sweep the Boches from the trenches they have won, we send them back again where they have come from; only there are so many,

so pitifully many, that go not back again. Ah, war is the terrible thing, and it sickens the heart in me to see so many gallant fellows lying dead. I hate not the foe, M'sieu, and, par le Bon Dieu! I think I fight not the worse for it.

It is dawn when we enter Troisvilles, and there I see the dear, mad, glorious Jack Bertrand. His head it is bandage and the blood it have trickle down his cheek, and his arm it is in the sling, but for all that he smile when he see me, and he say:

"It is good you have come, Rene, my friend, for hell it is almost froze."

And so, M'sieu, today is the dear friend's wedding day, and the general, Armand de Villardouin, will give the bride away; for it is the beautiful Helene, no other, and I am the groomsmen. Therefore, M'sieu will pardon me if I take the leave of him, for the automobile it have wait already ten minutes by the watch. Au revoir, M'sieu, but not, I hope, "Ull hell freeze-ovalre."

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MANY THINGS NEEDED TO MAKE A SHOE

WHAT'S in a shoe? Take a factory tag that tells how a shoe is made. Count on it sixty different items of material; also different items of labor. That shows many of the things in a case. And there may be others.

Whence come the materials? When you look at a shoe you see the four corners of the globe pulled together in it.

Begin with the bottom, or sole, made from the hide of a Texas steer, tanned in oak from Pennsylvania forests. And the heel is of South American dry hide, tanned in hemlock bark.

It's a kidskin shoe you have? It looks it, although one never can tell for sure these days. The vamp is made of a goat of Brazil. It is tanned with chrome from New Caledonia, is blacked with logwood from Jamaica, and is glazed with glass from Austria.

The top is of a kidskin tanned in Nigeria, brought to Peabody and there retanned and finished. The tongue is of sheep leather. The sheep grew in Argentina. The leather linings are of skins of sheep that grew in Australia. The skins were tanned in swamps from Sicily.

Some of the leather is treated with "fat liquor," an emulsion made of cod oil from Labrador and acids from one of the new American chemical laboratories.

Yet only a few of the things that the tanner used in making the shoe have been mentioned. He also uses, in his mystery of tanning, "divi-divi" from the East Indies, valonia from Turkey, myrobolane from Indian and algarobilla from the land knows where; salt from Michigan; sawdust from Maine mills; egg yolk from Russia; blood from Chicago, and degreas from France—and a few other things from a few other countries besides.

If there's any fellow under the sun, from an Eskimo to Patagonian, or from a Hottentot to a Korean, who has a hide or skin to sell, he can get his price for it. If he will show it to a Yankee tanner, for the Yankee tanner is buying pelts everywhere.

The leather of which the shoe is made is fastened together with thread of Irish linen or Georgia cotton. The lacings are of Egyptian or long fiber Sea Island cotton, tough and strong. The buttons are of bone, pearl or paper, American or European. The eyelets are of brass, coated with celluloid. The brass comes from munitions factories, when they are willing to give up any. The celluloid comes from the gunpowder factories.

The tacks are made by the millions, in Massachusetts, of steel from the United States Steel Corporation. The same is

true of the heel nails, and of the shanks in the arches of the shoe. If a person prefers wood pegs, that won't scratch hardwood floors, in the heels of his shoes, he may get them at a New Hampshire shop.

The welt may be of pigskin. The pig was killed in Packington and his pelt was tanned in Peabody. His bristles were saved and made into brushes for cleaning the shoes.

Between the outsole and the insole of the shoe is the "filler," a composition of rubber from Ceylon cut with naphtha and mixed with ground cork from Portugal.

The insole, perhaps, is of good bark-tanned leather. But it may be of fiber, coated with a sheet of leather. The box toe may also be of leather. But more likely it is of felt, filled with shellac, to make it stiff. Likewise the counter may be of leather. But more likely it is of leatherboard, or celluloid, or of scraps of leather pasted together with flour paste and compressed.

The felt is made from waste woolen, perhaps old coats. The shellac is from the lac tree of India and the leatherboard is made down in Maine of shredded leather, hemp and jute from India, and other things.

Yet a few more things are used in the making of a shoe. The last, over which the shoe is fashioned, is of maple from Michigan. The patterns, by which the uppers are cut, are of paper board, made from old newspapers.

They are bound with brass. The brass is stripped from them, after they become obsolete, and it is used for brazing the steel dies with which leather is cut for several parts of the shoe. The brazing is done in an electric flame, or in a fire of Pennsylvania coal.

The snowy white lining is made from cotton of Dixie land. Let's hope it is not stiffened with starch from Michigan. The top facing is of silk, made in New Jersey mills, and the gold leaf on it may be truly a product of El Dorado.

The edges of the heels and soles are burnished with wax, which comes from Brazil, and the shoes are blacked with a blacking of which wax is the chief part.

There are forty-seven other things in a shoe. But enough already has been told. What does a fellow expect these days of high prices? Enough already has been said to make a lesson in commercial geography, incorporating the four corners of the globe, as well as a few things above and a few things below the globe, and it's all for the price of one pair of shoes.

tion, and the Runt reached over with a cold finger and scratched his ear.

"I'd never have dared bring ye here if the gang had been layin' off. No knowin' what they might take the notion to do—seein' ye are a valuable dawg." A look of sharp regret swept into his face. "If ye could only have been a vagabone dawg, now, I might have kept ye; but keepin' a stealin', an' I couldn't be—"

The Runt broke off abruptly. Aye, he could—that was just what he was going to do. He was going to take the road that held no loneliness and steal as much and as fast as he could, to bring the day nearer when the land could be bought and the cabin built, with ganders and pigs to furnish it.

For a single moment the Runt's mind balanced the morals of it; and then, with a masterly hand, as one who is fully capable of molding his own fate against all odds, he swept morals aside and buried himself in his dream. He drew the wriggling terrier closer and raised himself on one elbow.

"We'll have a red rosebush twinin' outside—they never be havin' anythin' growin' on the houses in this hurryin' country—an' there'll be a fuchsia as high as a lamp post furnist the front door. We'll have prattles and strabout for yer dinner, wee wan, and a bone twice the week. There'll be corn for the gander, an' scapin' for the pigs, an' a meadow full o' sheep. Wait till ye see a market day in Donegal, an' ye'll be proud ye was born an Irish terrier!"

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III.

THE door slid noiselessly open and a man slouched in. With a jerk the Runt pulled the quilt over his face, but he was not quick enough. Red Dave had seen him.

"Whatcher doin'?"

"Faith, I'm writin' poetry—can't ye see?"

The Runt laughed, while fear gripped at his heart. He was praying with all his might that the terrier would only lie quiet.

"Sick?"

"Aye, a shpiel in me midst."

Red Dave walked over to him and stood looking down at the squirming quilt.

"Youse must have it bad! Won't de pain letcher be?"

"No, it's heavin' me, just. What fetched ye back?"

"Dago Pete's gang took a place up de river las' night, and it queered de job fer us. Coppers round thicker'n thieves. Say, Runt, we've got ter have a kid in de gang, an' if youse won't pull, it's quite—see! We's sorry, but we needs your shakedown fer de kid, and youse got ter squeal now. Is it stay or quit?"

The Runt swallowed hard, once—twice—three times. It seemed as if straws and stones stuck in his throat.

"Ye couldn't wait till the pain left me, could ye? A lad thinks muddylake when he's sick. I'll squeal the night."

Another upheaval shook the quilt.

"Took bad, am'tcher?"

Red Dave was sympathetic. The Runt turned over and groaned.

"The pain's took me furnist me shirt," he wailed, "an' it's mortal bad! If ye'll let me be, I'll squeal the night."

"Sure!"

Red Dave opened the door and went

out. The Runt waited until he had given him time to reach the street; then he threw back the quilt and buttoned the squirming terrier back in his coat again.

"Faith, ye are the liveliest pain a lad ever had! We'll have to thramp out o' here quick, wee wan, or the whole gang'll be down on us!"

He picked up his hat—then stopped. Aye, it would be better to leave his answer to Red Dave behind him. Taking a call-book and a stub of a pencil from his pocket, he wrote laboriously by the light of the bleary-eyed window:

Its a pull so dont get no kid—the runt.

This he folded and fastened to the window sash.

"It's no use thyrin' to keep your feet dthry or clean if ye've got fer to cross a bog," he muttered to the terrier as they went down the rickety stairs.

Back in the streets, the Runt shook his fist at the huddled houses, the towers afar off, and the elevated trains as they roared by him.

"I hate ye—I hate all of ye!" The accumulated fierceness of two years spoke. "I'm wantin' the green hills—the green hills an' the moorian's back again!" He hugged the terrier closer. "If I could only be keepin' ye, wee wan, just ye!"

They passed an eating-house, and again the smell of hot coffee reminded him that he had not eaten since the night before. He had saved what remained of his small wages for a noon meal; and then, in the rapture of comradeship, he had forgotten.

"I'll have a sup now," he said; and then he remembered the terrier. "The devil take me for keepin' ye by me all day an' feedin' ye on nothin' but blarney!" He dug deep into his trousers pocket and brought up a dime and three coppers. "A nickel for fare—that leaves 1 cent for scraps for ye, wee wan. They'll keep yer stomach from tumblin' in entirely afore ye get there—"

In they went, bought the scraps, and brought them away in a greasy paper bag—hot and savory.

"I could eat them myself," said the Runt hungrily.

Halfway up the street an alley caught his eye. It was dark, sheltered from the wind, and passers-by would not disturb them. The Runt made for it. Finding an empty ash can, he turned it over and ate down. It was their last hour together; the Runt realized it and fed the scraps slowly to the terrier—that the time might be lengthened.

"Have manners, and don't ye be grabbin'! Faith, they'll think ye've been keepin' bad company this day!"

A great lump rose in his throat; his eyes smarted. Was it always so? Did one look into heaven only by glimpses, and then from afar off? For want of something better to say, he repeated the old cry:

"If I could only be keepin' ye!"

An hour later a shriveled messenger boy, with a small Irish terrier, stood on the hearth rug of the doctor's office, while the doctor, large and angry, glowered down on them both.

"You have been exactly nine hours and thirty-eight minutes delivering that dog! What do you mean by it?"

What he did mean was uncertain in the Runt's own mind, so he held his tongue and watched with hungry eyes the burning coals in the grate.

"You probably meant to steal that

dog, but your grit failed you at the last—by Jove!" The doctor reached over quickly for the terrier, and taking him to the light looked him carefully over. "H-m—that's the dog, all right;" and he dropped him upon the rug. "Well, what are you waiting for? I settle these charges with the company direct. You don't suppose they would trust you now, do you?"

The Runt did not stir; somehow he could not.

"Why don't you go?" The doctor was impatient. "Of course you know you will be fired for this?"

"Aye, I know." The Runt spoke dully. He tried to go, but the warmth and the glow of the fire held him. He smiled foolishly at the doctor. "It's warm," he tried to explain. "It's the first I've seen o' burnin' peat since I come over."

Something about the Runt called out to the doctor and stopped him from giving the lad a forcible dismissal.

"Irish?" he queried, instead.

"Aye—Donegal."

"People?"

"Dead."

"Who are ye living with?"

"Meself, sure." Was the doctor trying to find out about the gang, the Runt wondered?

"How did you get into this country alone? Who signed the papers for you when you went into the service?"

"Father O'Donnolly—him that died last year."

"Got any friends?"

The Runt did not hear; the terrier was scratching at him with an urgent, insistent call. He must go—the doctor had told him twice.

"Ye stay here an' mind the hearth," he said, patting the dog by way of consolation. "Maybe—maybe he'll be givin' ye prattles and strabout for dinner. I— I'm leavin' ye, just."

He turned on his heel, but the doctor's hand stopped him.

"Got any friends?"

In spite of his resolution the Runt turned back and his eyes sought the terrier's black ones. The foolish smile came again.

"Aye—wan."

"Irish, too?" The doctor was known by his friends as one of the best diagnosticians in the country.

"Ye bet!" The Runt looked up and chuckled.

"Want another?"

This time the Runt did not understand, and the doctor came closer.

"See here, lad, I was born in Ireland myself. Pretty lonely when you first come over?"

"Mortal!" agreed the Runt.

"Makes you think long for the moor-

land, sometimes—and the free winds sweepin' the hills, doesn't it?"

"Aye, the green hills—an' the rose-bushes climbin' the cabin—I've been tellin' him about it." And forgetful of everything else, the Runt stooped and gathered the terrier in his arms again.

"Do you know," said the doctor, "I need a lad to look after me and the dog. Irish doctor—Irish dog—it ought to be an Irish lad! Will you come?"

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IV.

THAT night the Runt lay flat on his stomach by the bleary-eyed window, writing another note. This one ran:

Ye can get the other kid—im havin a steady job with a dog—yours, p mactavys.

P. S.—Ye was kind to me—may the luck rise with ye.

This was also put in the window sash. Then the Runt went over and searched in the creases of the sackin'-bed until his fingers closed over a string of old brown beads. With these in his pocket he went whistling down the rickety stairs.

Very close did the hills seem, where the Virgin walked, guarding the cabins all about.



"Irish doctor—Irish dog—it ought to be an Irish lad! Will you come?"

pose," he said cheerfully. "I almost envy the officers."

Marjory caught the sarcasm and laughed merrily.

"You don't envy anyone," she challenged. "You are absolutely contented to do your duty, whatever that duty may be. You are a whole-hearted, red-blooded American soldier."

Peter turned and looked into her blue eyes with sudden seriousness.

"If I am," he said softly, "it's because you've made me one. I've known you such a little while that I'm afraid to tell you all the things that I've been thinking about you. I owe you a lot, Marjory Delmar. You've made a man of me. I've learned to play this soldier game, and it's better sport than football. Freshman year at college I was a weak-kneed sub on the team. Sophomore year I was All-American halfback. I'm not bragging, but I bet I'll have pins on my shoulders some of these days, and Pumpkin Pete will do his share toward licking the Kaiser when the time comes."

Marjory tried to speak, but her voice choked.

"I—I know, Peter."

It had come to them both all at once. The last rays of the afternoon sun fell softly on the field of goldenrod and turned the world into an unexplored paradise for these two. Peter took one of

the girl's hands in his and held it several minutes before he spoke.

"I've got to tell you," he whispered at last; "I love you, Marjory. Perhaps a private should not ask a colonel's daughter to marry him, but I'm going to take the chance. You've made a man, little girl. Is he to be the happiest man on earth?"

His arms were around her and his lips had found hers before she could answer. For an instant she yielded to the embrace, and then drew back with a sharp little cry.

"Peter, Peter," she begged, "give me time to know myself. Captain Summers has asked me to marry him, and I promised to give him his answer tonight. You shall have yours, too. You won't be at the ball, but I'll send you a message, somehow. Will you wait, Peter?"

There was nothing else to do. Pumpkin Pete was forced to go to his barracks that night at the usual time and watch the officers as they emerged from their rooms in their dress uniforms and strolled up the road to the brightly lit gymnasium. In his hand was a crumpled piece of goldenrod, and in his heart was Marjory's promise.

"You'll know tonight. I shall leave the dance at midnight—the witching hour—and go to my room. If my windows are dark at 12 o'clock my answer is 'No.' If there is a light, my answer is

'Yes.' It is easy to know one's fate on Halloween."

Taps sounded at 10 o'clock, and Peter Van Zandt, with the other privates, threw himself across a cot in the silent barracks. He thought of the events of the afternoon, and the knowledge that Marjory, his Marjory, was dancing with Captain Summers began to torture him. He wondered if, after all, she was playing a game at his expense.

After what seemed an eternity he glanced at his phosphorescent wrist-watch. It was 11 o'clock. How childish of Marjory to insist that he wait until midnight for his answer! How absurd for a girl of her age to believe in Halloween rites! Would it never be midnight?

It was only the strength of his love that made him condemn Marjory's romantic plan. The seconds dragged like years. The silence in the barracks gave way to a chorus of rasping snores.

Getting out of bed and crawling across the barracks to the window which faced the colonel's house was an adventure which seemed to Peter fully as thrilling as creeping over a trench into No Man's Land. Three corporals and a sergeant lay slumbering between him and the spot where he should learn his fate. At one minute to 12 he pushed back his covering and slipped noiselessly to the floor.

"She must say 'Yes,'" he told himself feverishly. "She must. I was a miserable sort of a cuss until I met that girl, but I'll do anything in the world to make her happy if she'll have me. She must."

The big clock in front of the gymnasium boomed the hour. Peter, reaching the window, heard it; Marjory, in her bungalow, heard it, and Captain Summers, returning from the ball, heard it. It was the witching hour of Halloween.

Captain Summers, passing the barracks where company 4 slept, heard something else. It was a queer noise, like a muffled shout, and he entered to discover its cause. He collided with a man in the dark.

"Here!" said Captain Summers sternly, "what does this disorder mean? Who is this prowling about at midnight?"

Van Zandt's incoherent words convinced the captain that he was a combatant.

"The light! The light!" he shouted. "Look out the window, captain. I'm the luckiest man in the world!"

Captain Summers was in a bad humor. He glanced behind Peter, and strode wrathfully out of the barracks.

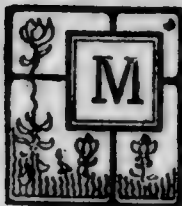
"Go back to bed, Pumpkin Pete," he bawled back contemptuously; "the only light I see is a grinning jack-o'-lantern in Miss Delmar's window. It looks strangely like you!"

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TILL HELL FREEZE OVAIRE

By Stephen Gaillard

Illustrated by Henry Thiele



MIEU desires that I should tell him the story, yes? Ah, no, no, M'sieu, I am the poor raconteur—the very poor story teller, that is. Besides, M'sieu will pardon me, I am sure—but I have

not the time. As M'sieu sees I am in the full regimental—"all dressed up," as M'sieu's noble countryman, the Yankees, say, "and no place to go." Only I have the place to go; indeed yes. My dear friend, the Capitaine Bertrand, he is—

Tell M'sieu how I won the medaille militaire? Ah, it is nothing to tell, nothing—the pit of hell for the half hour, the hospital for the two months, that is all. And my friend, the Capitaine Bertrand, this is his wedding day, as M'sieu may have heard, and I am his best man, which M'sieu doubtless have not heard; therefore M'sieu will surely pardon me that I am in haste; yes?

Who is the Capitaine Bertrand? What! Does M'sieu not know? Ah, I am indeed surprised; I am indeed astonished! As well should M'sieu ask, Who is Nivelle, who is Nivelle, as who is Bertrand. I had indeed thought there was in France no small child even that had not heard of "Till-Hell-Freeze-Ovaire" Bertrand. What? M'sieu has but just arrived in Paris, and has been but two days in France? Ah, then, I can understand his ignorance, and as M'sieu is an American, and as the Capitaine Bertrand is his countryman, and as there is yet a little time before I must leave for the wedding, I will tell him the story of the Capitaine Bertrand; and with the more pleasure that we hold M'sieu's noble country in the high esteem, we French.

Well, then, as I have already told M'sieu, Jack Bertrand is an American, one of the many of his countrymen who have come to fight for France. How he got into the Chasseurs Alpin I know not; but what I do know is that he won his commission as sous lieutenant for the gallantry in action. It is not long after that I met him. I have known him in Paris before the war, when I was superintendent of the Telegraph du Nord; and I am delighted to meet him again, for, M'sieu, to know that insouciant dandy, Jack Bertrand, it is to love him.

I am on the staff of the general of the division, Armand de Villehardouin, at the time; and after I have embraced the dear Jack Bertrand and tell him the brave fellow he is, I have him to my quarters to dine with me. It is then that I learn that the dear friend is not happy. Can M'sieu believe it, that in spite of his promotion from the ranks for gallantry, in spite that the General Nivelle have embraced him and call him comrade, in

spite that his name have appear in the general order, the dear Jack Bertrand is not happy. I am surprised; I am also feel a little hurt that the dear friend he care not for the so grand honor. I ask why it is to him that the honor, the glory, it is as nothing; and he say to me with a sigh: "Ah, Rene, mon ami, I am in love." Then I understand, then I smile, then I laugh, then I say: "Is it possible, mon ami, that the fair one she is cruel? That she is disdain? Ah, I cannot believe it."

But he say: "Oh, she is all right; she is the sweetest girl in France, and she loves me; but her father, he is the devil, proud as Lucifer."

"Ah, la, la! it is the pere," I say, "and if it is not too indiscreet, may I know who the fair one is, mon ami?"

THEN the mad fellow he tell me. Ah, M'sieu would never guess to whom it is that the audacious fellow his eyes have uplift; indeed, no. It is to the beautiful Helene, the daughter of the General Armand de Villehardouin—no less. And the pere—proud as Lucifer is not too much to say of him; no, no. He is the loyal soldier of the republic, he fight like the lion for France, yes; but his family, it is of the grande noblesse since Hugh Capet is Comte de Paris.

He—the dear Jack Bertrand, that is—have met the beautiful Helene in Paris when he have been on the furlough, and they, the pauvre enfans, have proceed immediate to fall in love—she the only child of the General de Villehardouin, the daughter of a thousand years of the grand noblesse; he the sergeant in the Chasseurs Alpin. Ah, la, la! such folly, such midsummer madness did M'sieu ever hear? It is true that the Sergeant Bertrand—that is, he was then the Sergeant Bertrand—is rich, that he have the car, the automobile, the mansion that he have lease in the Rue de la Victoire; but for all that he is the sergeant in the Chasseurs Alpin, and she is the general's daughter.

"Have the dear friend mention the so grande passion to the pere—the general?" I ask.

"Indeed I have," he reply with the grin.

"And what did the general say?" I ask, hardly able to believe that my ears do not me deceive.

"What he say it is plenty," he reply: "It would fill the book, only the book would not be fit for the print."

"And what will the dear friend do?" I ask him.

"Do?" he say, and his jaw set like the bulldog, "why I will win the old boy over, of course; I will make him like it."

Ah, la, la! I ask M'sieu what could I, the friend, do with the so mad fellow?

Well, he leave me after the dinner to go to his post in the first line, and I feel very sad for the dear mad fellow, very sad. And I think what he say, that he will "win the old boy over"—think, M'sieu, the audacious, what you call him, scapegrace, calling the General de Villehardouin the old boy—I think what he say and I think how gallant, how determine he look when he say it, and in the heart I think that maybe he will do it. Have he not already won his way from the rank? Is he not the sous lieutenant for the gallantry?

It is long after, two months, maybe, but I have not forget; no. I think often of the dear friend and of the beautiful Helene. And then it is one night that it happen.

It is the night such as is sometimes in the winter, very cold, very clear, very still—still as it ever is in the hell that is the battle front—with the frost like the iron and the sky like the dome of blue steel set with diamonds the stars. The sector held by the division of the General de Villehardouin is in the country of the hill, the mountain; the country where the one small post, the narrow pass, may become the key of the whole line, the Thermopylae of the moment, that is. All the day the artillery of the Boches it have pound the line with the hell fire, but as the sun go down it have cease. So it have been for the many days, and so for the many nights it have cease, and the attack, the grand assault of the infantry, it have not come. So it may be that the General de Villehardouin is too sure that this night also it will be as many other nights.

After sunset it is that it come, the grand assault, and our first line it is overwhelm. Not without the desperate fight, no; but our brave fellows, they are as the one to ten; the odds they are too much even for them. To our general it seem that our second line, it will go, too; the third, even. I am with him, and his face it set hard, it is gray in the light of the star bombs that the Boches are sending up over the line to light their way.

Ah, it is terrible for his pride to be taken thus by surprise.

"Rene, my friend," he say to me as we arrive at the second line, "it is here that we will die." And ah, M'sieu, his face, it is grim as he say it.

Then it is that the strange thing happen, the what you call unaccountable thing. There is the pause, the halt. The Boches, they come not on. And for the moment it is quiet, very quiet by the comparison with the uproar that have gone before. Only at the one point of the line—the first line—there is the rattle of the machine gun, the yelling of the Boches. It is far away, for there is here the bend of the line, the salient where is the redoubt of the Troisvilles.

The face of the general it light up as he hear it, and he say:

"Ah, Bon Dieu! the Troisvilles, it hold out. The Chasseurs Alpin are there, and, l'ardieu! the few brave men they could hold it against the thousands."

But in a few moments the rattle of the machine gun, it cease, and the yelling of the Boches, and it is quiet; as quiet it is that it is what you call uncanon. Then the general's face it grew dark again, and he say:

"Ah, Bon Dieu! the Troisvilles it have also fall."

It is at that moment that the machine gun, the solitary machine gun, begin to speak out of the stillness that is so uncanon in that hell that is the battle front. At the first I think it is only some hero that still fight on though death it is certain; and then, M'sieu! Then it suddenly occur to me that there is something, what you call peculiar in the way that machine gun fire; something familiar, something that remind me of the old of the Telegraph du Nord. I listen. I reflect, and then, then I understand. It is the message, the telegraph, only the machine gun it is the instrument. I am astounded, I am excited, I tremble with the eagerness; but I listen, M'sieu, I listen with all the ear, with all the brain.

You will doubt, M'sieu; you will not believe, but on the honor of Rene Drouot it is known to all France, the message that the machine gun send, and the message that is return, and the message that came again. It happen all in the very few moment, for the tuff in the artillery fire it is very brief.

THE message, it is from the Troisvilles; it still hold out; it have repulse the Boches; it appeal for help.

I tell the general, and his face again light up with the joy.

"Can you answer it?" he say.

"L'ardieu! yes, with the machine gun in the trench yonder, if there is the time."

"Tell him," he say, "that help is coming. Ask him how long he can hold out." I spring to the machine gun, pointing into the air I answer him, I send the message of the general, and I ask him: "In the name of the Bon Dieu! who are you?"

And the message come back again: "Rene, my friend, it is I, Jack Bertrand. Tell the general we will hold out till the hell it freeze ovaire!"

I laugh, I shed the tear, I am with the joy so overwhelm. It is so like the dear, brave, mad, insouciant Jack Bertrand, this message that he send.

Well, M'sieu, hardly have I the time to



In the World of Woman

Your Home is in Your Soul Not Merely in Your House

By MARY E. WALTER

When you built your new house with all the up-to-date improvements and fitted it with fine furniture and costly rugs and such that made you proud and happy, you fancied you had built a home—but you hadn't. When, as a bride, you fussed over your trousseau and sat up late embroidering doilies, towels and napkins, when you picked out your dishes and received your wedding present silver, you thought these things made home. They didn't, they never do. If they did, then what if the fine house burned down and the lovely bride things were stolen? Where would be the home?

Even in a mansion amid splendid fittings that make her the envy of others, with a husband to be proud of, a woman will never find home in her own soul. And if she has any vision she will see that home never consists alone of things.

On the other hand, a woman's abode may be one bare room with only a table and chairs, yet with these few poor things she may really make a home. And even if these fade from her she may still have home, because she has realized the true meaning of home and established her accordingly, and best of all, because she and another have found home in each other. No matter how earthly things fall away from these two, no matter if they are left penniless, if the home each has built within himself and has

found in the other is still unviolated, he and she together, without a single material possession, will still have a home. It is in this better sense, not merely in the usual meaning, that the world looks to woman as home maker and home keeper.

So, when a woman creates a home for the man she loves she must first have established the sense of home in her own mind, her own soul. In the invisible structure she thus builds the woman welcomes her mate, she gives him kindly judgment, and knows his faults are not himself. With her the man is at ease and can be his best self. In her presence and in all his thoughts of her, he is "at home."

When a man and a woman find this completeness and happiness in each other, find rest and peace in one another's presence, there alone is true union and true love, there alone is home. Unless the material dwelling stands on such a foundation it will be merely a house, a place for eating and sleeping.

Around this higher idea of home, which is the spiritual idea, is sure to grow the material manifestation of house and human comfort. But alas for her and for him who look to the external alone for home. They never look above things which fade, die and turn up, which make unhappiness, quarrels and bitterness. Material things are not the reality. Material things alone do not make home.

Cure Your Own Corned Beef in Your Own Kitchen

(By Virginia Carter Lee)

"I do enjoy a good piece of corned beef," said one of the readers to me the other day, "but when I see it fished out by the butcher from the slimy-looking brine barrel and then find it is not the piece I want, I cannot help wishing that we were back in the good old days when housewives corned their own beef at home."

Did she but know it, there is no need of sighing for the good old days of home-corned beef. The present day will do exactly as well. The process of corned meat at home is by no means difficult, so the following recipe and suggestions are given as an aid to the best way of accomplishing it:

In the selection of a piece of beef to be cured the housewife has a wide range from which to choose. The rump and round will possibly be found more meaty and consequently considerably higher in price, but they are rarely equal in flavor to those known as the brisket and navel portions, which contain streaks of both fat and lean. The meat when cooked is not so dry and has far better flavor.

When the fresh meat arrives from the market wipe it off with a damp cloth, then heat a large handful of salt and rub it thoroughly into the beef on all sides. Have in readiness a brine made in these proportions: Three quarts of cold water, one cupful of salt, half a cupful of brown sugar, and a piece of saltpetre the

size of a hazelnut.

Boil the ingredients for a few moments and when could pour over the meat, which should be put in an earthenware crock. Be sure that the receptacle is large enough to hold the meat easily and that the prepared brine fully covers it.

Allow it to stand in a cold place where it will not freeze and it will be ready to use in six or seven days. This corned beef will be found a vast improvement over the best market corned beef and is very little trouble to prepare.

How to Cook Corned Beef.

But even the best corned beef can be spoiled in the cooking. If it is put on in hot water and boiled furiously over a hot fire it will be found tough and stringy, no matter how carefully it has been corned.

Always put corned meats on to cook in cold water; bring very slowly just to the boil and simmer over a very moderate heat until tender. Allow, as a rule, thirty minutes to a pound of the beef.

The meat is greatly improved if a handful of celery tops, a bay leaf and an onion stuck with whole cloves are added to the water in which it is cooked. If it is to be served cold, allow it to cool in the liquor in which it has cooked. If it is to be used for a hot dinner you may boil it with cabbage, potatoes and turnips, allowing about an hour for the cabbage and quartered turnips and thirty minutes for medium-sized potatoes. Extra seasoning will not be required for the vegetables as the salt from the beef is sufficient.

When you intend to drain off the water in which the vegetables and meat have cooked, do not make the mistake of pouring it down the kitchen sink; instead, set it aside until the next day, remove the fat that will form in a cake on top, add any additional vegetables with half a can of tomatoes and you have a savory soup.

Pressed Corned Beef.
Pressed corned beef will be found delicious. It is just the thing to make sandwiches for the school luncheon or the motor trip these brisk autumn days. To prepare, take six pounds of the brisket of corned beef, remove the bones and tie it up tightly into a compact roll. Put it in a large kettle, cover with cold water, add the vegetables and seasoning already mentioned and simmer gently until tender. Let it cool in the water, then remove to a large platter. Set on top of the meat a tin pie plate and put a heavy weight on the plate, so that the meat will be under pressure.

Let stand over night and it is ready to serve. Cold corned beef also lends itself to a number of appetizing dishes and, as every housekeeper knows, a piece of cooked meat in the house helps out many a home luncheon or supper.

Corned beef hash (either browned in the pan or baked), diced corned beef scrambled with eggs or made into a salad with either celery or endive, escalloped with macaroni, creamed and served in tiny bread cases or minced and used as a filling for either baked peppers or tomatoes suggest some novel and tempting ways for utilizing it to the best advantage.

boiling after the addition of sugar was not continued long enough to drive off excessive water.

Jelly is tough or stringy because too small an amount of sugar was used for the quantity of fruit juice taken, or because boiling was continued after the jelling point had been reached.

Crystals appear throughout the jelly because of an excess of sugar. When sugar is boiled with an acid for a sufficient length of time, it is changed into a form which does not crystallize. Crystals are found in jelly sometimes because the juice is boiled to too great a concentration before the addition of sugar, or in boiling the syrup spatters on the side of the pan, dries, and in pouring the finished product these crystals are carried into the glasses of jelly, and in that way the jelly becomes seeded with crystals.

Cloudy jellies may be due to your having cooked the fruit too long before straining off the juice, or not having used sufficient care in straining the juice. Sometimes you will notice in apple and crabapple jelly that, although clear when first made, it becomes cloudy after a time. In these cases the cloudiness usually is due to the use of partly green fruit, as the starch in this fruit will often give it a thick, murky appearance.

About Fashions

Dress will be seven or eight inches from the floor during the coming season.

Belts are high and narrow, or of the draped sash effect, straight from the neck.

Ribbons are being used more and more.

The popularity of crepe de chine, georgette crepe, foulard and voile waxes not. The new modier material, with gold stripes on a satin ground, holds its own.

Embroidered hems and panels, about a foot deep, are among the smart effects at the summer gatherings.

Gray suede gloves have never been so popular, declares a French modiste. Filet lace and ribbons are among the smartest trimmings for organdie gowns, with rather light underskirts.

The latest thing in a parasol is that of filet lace over chiffon, with the spider web at the side and a smart little spider in the meshes of the lace spider pattern.

The filet is still further being effectively used as bracelets, and for the draped handbags. The saun hat has arrived, with overdress of filet lace bands, to accompany the parasol.

Heels are coming down, say the shoe men. Shoes are in plain leathers, with black in the lead and white a close second. The oxford has returned, as it should, for no shoe, aside from the regulation boot, has proved so practical as the oxford.

As the materials for the fall gowns, the manufacturers claim that, just as designers for men have promised to reduce the amount of material used by the elimination of the large pockets, so designers for women will make the wool suits narrower and plainer for the same reason.

So many women are now being used as apartment house elevator operators in New York that a special legislation is being proposed to regulate conditions of employment.

A MEAN MAN

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

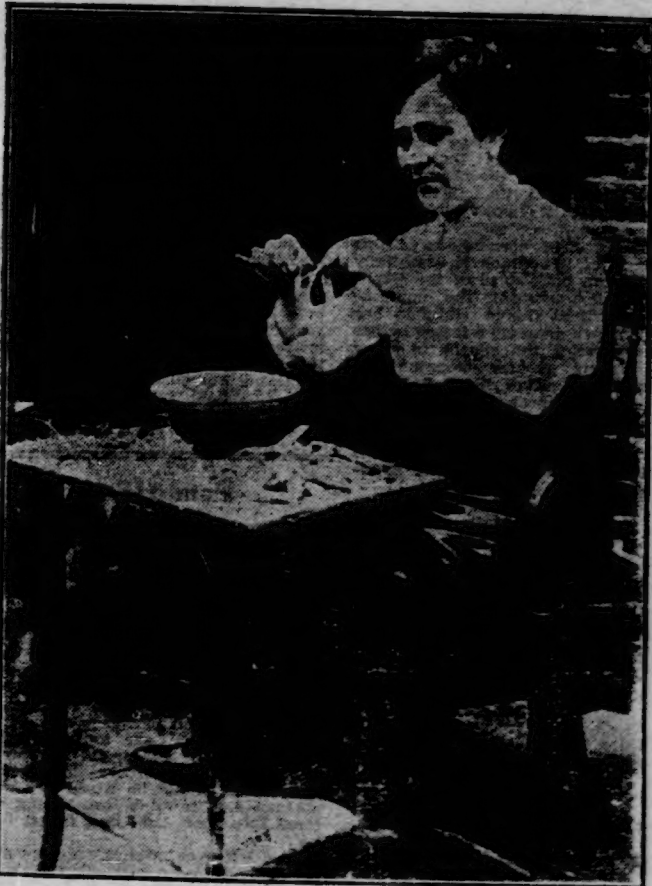
"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set, and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."

A LESSON FOR THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE



An interesting example of French thrift is here illustrated, an example which might well be copied by our American housewife. French people rarely waste pea shells. After shelling the peas, the shells are skinned and cooked along with the peas. They make a dish that is liked more than the pea itself by a great many people.

When Your Jelly Does Not "Jell"

Every housewife knows the tragedy of jelly that won't jell. Make it ever so wisely; weigh all ingredients to the fraction of an ounce, boil it exactly according to directions; do everything, in short, that a conscientious jelly maker can do—there still is that occasional kettle of jelly which, instead of being bright and clear, firm

and tender, is either soft and syrupy, tough and rubbery or cloudy and unappetizing. Or, if none of these things happen, the wretched stuff may mar an otherwise blameless existence by crystallizing all over the top and around the edges—even if the crystallization does not extend through the whole glass.

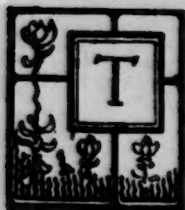
Knowing just why jelly becomes soft or tough or cloudy, or why it crystallizes in the glass, will enable the housewife to avoid such disappointments.

Jellies sometimes are syrupy because more sugar has been used than the fruit juices require, or because

PUMPKIN PETE

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



HE boy scouts nicknamed him.

The day after Peter Van Zandt arrived at the camp the captain of company 4 sent Hoppy, a freckle-nosed scout, to deliver a message to the newcomer. Van Zandt, sitting dolefully on

the edge of his cot, received Hoppy coldly and turned his back on a cheerful burst of gossip which was offered with the message.

"You've got the best captain in camp," Hoppy volunteered dubiously; "he's in love with the colonel's daughter, Marjory Delmar. Ever seen Miss Marjory?"

Peter Van Zandt knew little or nothing about the habits and prejudices of boy scouts. Accordingly he met Hoppy's friendly green eyes with a frigid stare and shrugged his wide shoulders in a manner which plainly indicated his indifference to the captain's affairs of heart.

"Tell Captain Summers that I shall report to the sergeant at once," he ordered briefly.

Hoppy, feeling unjustly rebuffed, strode spitefully out of the barracks and went in search of his boon companion, Lanky Jones.

"Gee, that new private in company 4 is cocky," he declared with a contemptuous twist of his thumb toward Van Zandt. "I mean that big, light haired fellow with the jack-o'-lantern face. Seen him yet? His name's Peter—Peter—"

"Pumpkin Pete!" prompted Lanky glibly. "Sure, I seen him comin' in last night. Pumpkin Pete, I call him."

The ridiculous name stuck. Private Van Zandt found himself branded by the scorn of the two most popular boy scouts in camp, and even he, wrapped in snug self-satisfaction, admitted that there was a distant resemblance between his good looking yellow head and a ripe pumpkin. His features were large and clearly cut, and his mouth, when he smiled, was a broad slit in his round face. The smile was, however, a rare thing, after he was selected under the draft law and transferred from an eastern college to a western army camp.

Not that Peter Van Zandt was a slacker. He wasn't. He was a strong, clean limbed young American, with a greater amount of physical courage than the ordinary man possesses. Only one thing stood between him and a healthy enjoyment of the life at the post. His red blood was diluted, weakened, adulterated by the blue blood of his ancestors. His inability to forget that he was a Van Zandt did not mean that he was a coward, but it meant that he was something almost equally despicable. A snob makes a poor sort of soldier.

If Peter had been an officer he would have found comfort in imposing mental tasks on the men below him in rank, but, being a private, he rebelled silently at the discharge of his duties.

"Van Zandt is a queer proposition," Captain Summers said one day as Peter rounded the barracks leading Monty, the captain's horse. "Isn't he a specimen of manhood for you, Marjory? He was All-American halfback last year, and yet he was never popular at college. The boys call him Pumpkin Pete, and, so far as I know, he hasn't a friend in camp."

MARJORY DELMAR sat erect in her saddle and stared at Peter's approaching figure with frank curiosity. He lowered his eyes after the first glance at his captain and the colonel's daughter, and delivered Monty with a respectful but exceedingly brief salute. A smile crept into Marjory's blue eyes as she cantered up the road beside Captain Summers.

"So Pumpkin Pete is a mystery to you," she said presently. "I'm surprised at your inability to diagnose such a common malady. Mr. Van Zandt is suffering from a severe case of wounded pride—nothing more, nothing less. He, like some other men I know, feels that he should be a commissioned officer because of family prestige. The idea of taking orders from a social inferior is intolerable to him."

Captain Summers laughed.

"Snob, eh?"

"Exactly."

The conversation turned to other things and Peter Van Zandt, the blue-blooded private, slipped out of Summers' mind. The autumn air was fresh and cold and a bright color flamed in Marjory's cheeks as she gave her horse the rein. Her black hair loosened and tumbled from under her velvet tam, and she wound her plaid scarf tightly about her throat.

Captain Summers halted at the foot

Pumpkin Pete was not a slacker, but his red blood was diluted by the blue blood of his ancestors. It took a girl to make a man of him



assured himself over and over again. "She knows who I am and she sees an opportunity to humiliate one of the Van Zandts. My mother probably cut the little climber dead socially and she wants revenge."

Marjory Delmar was sitting on the porch knitting a khaki-colored sweater. She smiled as Pumpkin Pete halted the neatly curried mare at the gate and touched his hat in salute.

"Tie the horse, please," she called; "I want to talk to you."

Were there no limitations to a private's duties? For a moment Van Zandt stood rigid, defining insubordination in his own mind. A night in the guardhouse was preferable to possible insult from the girl.

"Come in," she called again; "I want to talk to you."

Pumpkin Pete sat uncomfortably on the porch railing and twisted his broad-brimmed hat in his work-kurled hands while Marjory began the lecture she had prepared for him. A million tiny blue devils danced in her eyes.

"I don't know who you are," she said calmly, "and I don't care. You're a private in company 4, and the boys call you Pumpkin Pete. The captain says you are incorrigible. Now, when I sent for you today I had just one thing in mind. I want to help you."

Peter turned his yellow head toward the girl and smiled tolerantly.

"Help me, Miss Delmar," he queried. "How can you help me?"

"By teaching you to forget yourself. I'm very frank about it, Pumpkin Pete, but I hate to think that there is a single man in father's regiment who will not make a good soldier. You won't, so long as you assume the attitude that you are above your rank. I guessed right about that attitude, didn't I?"

Peter Van Zandt scowled. "Yes," he said shortly. "It's no secret. I am hardly congenial with the men in my barracks."

Marjory nodded silently. "I was right," she said frankly. "You may go now. Bring my horse around every afternoon at this time, please, Mr. Van Zandt."

She knew his name, after all. Pumpkin Pete lay awake long after taps that night and meditated on his odd

of a steep hill and faced her abruptly.

"Let's rest the horses a minute," he suggested.

Marjory looked up quickly and found confirmation for her suspicions in his face.

"It's getting late," she parried.

"Marjory, I won't pretend any longer, I can't. I've been trying to tell you that I love you for months and months. Things can't go on this way. I want you to be my wife."

Captain Summers was an impressive figure as he sat at ease on his big cavalry horse, waiting for the girl's answer.

She studied him under lowered eyelashes before she spoke.

"I'm not sure," she said finally. "I like you, but it's an awfully big question. Will you give me a month to make up my mind?"

Summers nodded. "As long as you wish, dear," he said softly; "as long as you wish."

Marjory's blue eyes danced with sudden inspiration.

"I'll tell you at the officers' ball," she declared. "It's to be given in the gymnasium Halloween. Spooks and witches don't dare dance at an army post unless invited to do so, and I made father promise to give a regular harvest home party that night. I'm too old to steal gates, but I still love the Halloween legends. I believe I can give you my answer at the ball."

Silently, sullenly, Peter Van Zandt received orders from a sergeant the following day. He recalled the curiosity on Marjory Delmar's face as she appraised him the afternoon before, and his soul stormed at the thought that she intended to make him ridiculous.

"Curry that mare and take her around to the colonel's house!" the sergeant commanded unfeelingly; "Miss Delmar wants to ride her."

Pumpkin Pete obeyed. He thought savagely of the silver pins on the captain's shoulders as he climbed the hill behind the barracks. He would have given a large share of the Van Zandt fortune for a lieutenant's insignia.

"The girl's a heartless creature," he



introduction to the colonel's charming daughter.

"She knew my name," he murmured drowsily as he closed his eyes. "She knew that I was a Van Zandt."

The queer friendship grew under difficulties. Peter Van Zandt began to look forward to the hour when he led the mare up the hill for Marjory to ride, and little by little he ceased to dread the railway in her calm voice. Army ethics prevented him from calling on her, but one very presence at the camp made life worth living. He took an interest in his work and frequently exchanged jokes or smokes with the men in his company.

"Notice how Pumpkin Pete's perked up?" Hoppy demanded one day when he observed a wide smile on the blue-blooded private's face. "Looks like he'd signed a new lease on life."

OCTOBER days slipped by with increasing rapidity, and the raw privates found themselves transformed into straight-shouldered, strong-muscled soldiers. They no longer acted at the end of the long hike, and the sham battles became good sport.

Colonel Delmar viewed his regiment with increasing pride, and Captain Summers was exceedingly gratified with his company's progress. Indeed, the two men complimented each other whenever they met, and it was only Marjory, who had done her bit silently, who received no recognition for her services.

"Nevertheless," she told herself, "I've done something for the army. I've made a soldier out of a snob."

Preparations for the officers' ball began a week before Halloween. Captain Summers had marked the date on a little calendar in his room, and he left nothing undone that could add to the success of the affair. He dispatched a squad of men to the woods for autumn boughs and gave his personal supervision to the decorating of the gymnasium. He bought new music for the band and ordered the refreshments. He even hired a gypsy to tell fortunes.

Marjory's answer meant a great deal to Captain Summers. He loved her as much as he was capable of loving a woman, and his good judgment told him that a marriage with the colonel's daughter would hasten the advancement he expected and deserved. He was a brilliant officer for his age, quick-witted, level headed and fearless. Men liked him and women adored him. With Marjory for his wife he felt he might rise to any height.

Halloween afternoon Pumpkin Pete found Hoppy waiting for him when he went to the stable to curry the mare. The scout was perched on an inverted barrel, his green eyes staring thoughtfully into space.

"I can't understand this world, no-how," said Hoppy wearily, "but I brought you the note."

Pumpkin Pete took the folded piece of paper from the boy's outstretched hand and read the message that was scrawled across it.

"Hoppy," he demanded sternly, "where did you get this?"

"From her, of course. I was walkin' by the colonel's bungalow an' she rushed out, all pink an' excited, an' hollered out to me. 'Hoppy,' she says, 'Hoppy, dear, will you take this letter to Mr. Van Zandt for me?'"

Pumpkin Pete smiled.

The unbelievable had come true. Marjory wrote that she was going out to the woods to gather some goldenrod, and she had obtained permission to take Private Van Zandt as her escort. Would he saddle two horses instead of one?

Would he? Less than five minutes later the bewildered and disgusted Hoppy had sidled out of the stable to confide in Lanky Jones Pumpkin Pete rode up the hill to Marjory's house mounted on a shiny black horse. The little mare followed docilely behind.

"You see," Marjory explained as they rode through the country at a comfortable trot, "I wanted to apologize to you for the things I said that first day. I said that you would not make a good soldier, and father says that you are the best in your company."

Van Zandt made no reply. His eyes were fixed on a patch of goldenrod several hundred feet from the road.

"Shall we tie the horses and go after that?" he asked abruptly. "There's enough in there to decorate the whole gymnasium. Here, let me help you."

They scrambled across the field with the enthusiasm and agility of children. Peter drew a knife from his pocket and cut as many flowers as they could carry, and then sat down beside Marjory on a fallen tree trunk to arrange the stalks in neat bundles.

"The ball will be quite an affair, I suppose."

At the Centre of Life, An Altar

The International Sunday-School Lesson For October 21st is:

"The Temple Rebuilt And Dedicated."—

Exra, 3:8-13-6:14-18.

By William T. Ellis.

I had been watching the Jews at the Wailing Place in Jerusalem one Friday afternoon. Some of the devotion seemed mechanical, as when some old Spanish Jews in gabardines went up to the wall and read for a space; then, after perfunctorily touching the stones with their lips, stepped off to one side and chatted and laughed. I was informed that these men were hired to say prayers at the Wailing Place for Jews in distant lands.

Then, as I was about to leave, I saw a woman of perhaps thirty years draw near. She had been praying at the other end of the wall. As she approached, I perceived that she bore such a face as might have been Rachel's—strong, melancholy, spiritual, queenly. She was manifestly oblivious to the motley company about her, of Jews from many nations; her soul was in her rapt face, turning toward the great blocks of yellowish stone, still standing from the foundation of Solomon's Temple. Her hands were clasped to her bosom, and her lips moved in prayer. She was seeing with great lustrous eyes, not those monolith covered with Hebrew names and prayers, but the glory of the house of Jehovah, and of the kingdom of her fathers. All that had been and now is not, and that a devout child of Abraham hopes that yet may be, was symbolized for this worshipper by these stones. She kissed them again and again, as the woman kisses the lover whom she fears she may nevermore see; and as she moved away, she looked back over her shoulder, with unutterable longing in her eyes.

That incident gave me a new conception of the ardor and intensity with which a Jew may love even the very stones of the temple. There I saw embodied the passion of the returning exiles for the house of Jehovah. The spirit of her people, at their highest and deepest moods, was personified in that one devotee. It was a new light upon this entire story of the rebuilding of the temple, which the Sunday schools today study.

"The East Is The East."

Nobody will ever understand the Jew until it is remembered that he is an oriental. The deep-flowing, religious spirit of this people who were chosen to be custodians of humanity's loftiest religious truth is partially explained by the oriental's supreme interest in religion. The occidental is not so. To this day the people of all the East, but especially of the region called the Near East, whence sprang the Jews, put religion first. All sorts of religions thrive there; an irreligious man there is unthinkable. The villagers on the hills of Lebanon, the shepherds in the fields of Palestine, the Bedouins of the desert in their tents, the diverse peoples in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley, talk over histories and doctrinal religious questions, just as a group of Americans discuss politics or baseball.

At the present time the region where the Bible story was enacted is prostrate beneath the cruel heel of a war in which it was embroiled by the unscrupulous appeal to the religious motive on the part of a European monarch. A million Christians have perished. Jews by the thousands have died of starvation. Armies are encamped in Jerusalem and Hebron and Damascus. Over the district of the exile, old Babylonia, a series of dreadful battles have been waged, and British prisoners have been driven, in abject misery, over the route of the returning Hebrew patriots.

The Chief Fact About Man.

The Jewish exiles who centred their first thought upon the spiritual side of the return from captivity were true to the fundamental aspiration of humanity. As Carlyle says, "In every sense a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. If you tell me what this is, you tell me to a very great extent, what the man is, what kind of things he will do."

The flippant youth, or the immature man, who "has no time for religion," and who is not interested in the church, and feels too big for a Bible class, has all the history of the human race, and the testimony of all the great thinkers, arrayed squarely against him. One hour's honest research upon the subject will start any man toward a realization of the truth that religion is the theme that has most deeply engrossed the best thought of mankind from the dawn of history to the present hour. The shallow materialism of the West is no improvement upon the inbred religiousness of the East.

The Altar at the Centre.

The huge task of the returned exiles was to build a nation. Their existence as a country had been practically ended, they were only a scattered host of captives, their land was laid waste at its capital, and elsewhere occupied by

hybrid aliens. The work ahead of them as they traversed the dreary road from Babylon back home was even harder than the first organization of a state. Rebuilding is in some ways more difficult than building. The person who has made a wreck of life finds it a greater undertaking to re-make than it was to build in youth. China is in a sorer plight today than ever in her past.

Vision was needed to see the new Jerusalem in these heaps of debris, these piled-up pillars, these obliterated streets. A few years ago, when I walked over the smoking acres of rubbish that had once been San Francisco, I marvelled at the courage and imagination of the citizens who from the first saw a new and fairer city rising from these ruins. So it takes the vision that has been spirit-anointed to see in every wreck of humanity the man that may yet be and in the weakness and offenses of the present social order a new and perfect state of society. The faith which these old Jews possessed, to behold a second and greater temple in the stead of their desolations, is needed by all spiritual builders today. Out of the desolation of the world war must surely rise a better civilization and a safer, sweeter life for all mankind.

Despite their mixed emotions, their mingled tears and psalms, the returning exiles had the wisdom to perceive the proper first step. Without waiting for a building, they set up an altar. That was an act of faith and fealty. It proclaimed their trust in God and their allegiance to Him. And it showed that they realized, what Christians needed always to remember, that it is the worship that makes the temple, and not the temple the worship. The spirit is more than the house. Whoever erects an altar in his heart, in his home, in his life, shows a sense of proportion, he puts first things first. And in the rebuilding of the world that now confronts us, religion must be kept in her proper, foremost place.

What Use Is The Church.

This whole episode—it was more than an episode, it was an event in Jewish history—raises the present day application of the place of the church in national life. The Jewish nation was built above the temple. America was founded upon religious convictions. The cornerstone of this new type of life which is essentially the same on both sides of the Canadian line, is a sense of the supremacy of spiritual things. Canada has taught the whole world a lesson by her zeal in planting the church in every one of her frontier communities; wherever the nation advances, there advances the church also. The most thoughtful people of the Dominion have a conviction that Christianity is indispensable, the church steeple is the first and highest of the frontier landmarks.

A new sense of the proper functions of the church in a community is taking hold of our day. Not only for preaching and worship, but as centres of the social life of the neighborhood, the churches have a use. Whatever is of general interest, whatever makes for real neighborliness, whatever promotes intellectual uplift, whatever ministers to patriotism and social betterment, is proper for the church. A return of the old-fashioned lyceum, a revival of the oft-derided church supper (not for money-making, but for good fellowship), the maintenance of a local Chautauqua—all these are proper for the church, which are placed in the midst of the people to minister to all the needs of their spirit. In the promotion of world-brotherhood what agency so appropriate and effective as the church?

This western world is dead opposed to any alliance of Church and State. This is a discarded notion, even in the thinking of progressive Europeans. But the Church in the State—interpreting all its intellectual, social, commercial and industrial processes—is most proper and necessary. That is the modern fulfillment of the ideal of the Jewish exiles.

The Bagdad Synagogue.

Later we shall study the difficulties of these builders, and the opposition they meet. Today let us refresh with them. The laying of the foundations of the new temple was made the occasion of a great festival, a thanksgiving service. The idea seems as inconspicuous as that of the first American Thanksgiving Day which the Pilgrims kept. All around was the desolation wrought by Nabuchadnezzar's forces. Only the eye of faith could see any result of the return and the reconstruction. Yet when the foundation stones were laid a

feast of praise and rejoicing was held with music and shouting and the antiphonal refrain:

"Oh, give thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good; For His loving kindness endureth forever."

The fountain of tears lies very close to the springs of joy. This great jubilation was a time of weeping as well as a time of song: the noise of those who shouted for joy, and of those who wept for remembrance, mingled together. The old looked backward: the young looked forward. The whole made a symphony of praise.

Apparently the weepers were builders also. Lamentation that is handless and footless honors nothing. The bettering of the present is the best tribute to the past. The Jews who still dwell in the land of the exile have their headquarters at Bagdad, with a school of the law, where aged rabbis are in study and conference. I have been in council with them, but in all their discussion of the past there kept rising before my mind the image of the chief Bagdad synagogue, a building of immemorial antiquity, but dirty, unkept and miserable beyond belief. The zeal of the rabbis for the past—and this is the lesson—would better be shown by activity for the present improvement. I do not think much of the orthodoxy, whether it be Moslem, Jewish, or Christian, which is so engrossed in idle words that it has no thought for activity right here and now. So long as men are builders, it matters little whether they sing or sob.

Whc, eing Dead, Yet Speaketh

Eighteen years ago this fall Dwight L. Moody preached the last sermon of his life in Convention Hall, Kansas City. He was stricken on the platform and went home to Northfield, Mass., to die a month later and be buried on his beloved "Round Top."

That is, his body died, his body was buried there; not his life, not his spirit. "A man is immortal until his work is done," and Moody's life, and Moody's spirit are working yet.

There was held recently near the grave of Moody the annual Northfield Conference of Christian Workers. It is known in every corner of the world, and men and women from every country and from almost every part of America were there. At the close of the great conference, the influence of which will reach into every city and hamlet in America, and out into far corners of the earth, one of the men who had been led and educated by Moody stood by his grave and told of Moody's work that is yet going, and why it goes on.

"Dwight L. Moody is more alive today than he ever was, although his body has lain up there for eighteen years," said this speaker. "He lives in the hearts of more than eight thousand men, and of more than six thousand women who have attended the Northfield schools he founded; and he still lives for the thousands of men and women who have attended

Cleaning Velvet.

An excellent way of freshening black velvet is to take a small piece of eroline after the velvet has been brushed and rub against the nap. This process removes the dust and leaves it rich and clean. A piece of chamolins wrung from tepid water and rubbed over the surface will brighten velvet wonderfully.

To Can Beet Greens.

Clean the greens and pack in glass jars, fill up with cold water, add ¼ teaspoonful of salt to each pint can, put on a rack in the boiler and bring to a boil. Time to cook 1½ hours. See that jars are air-tight and keep in a cool, dark place.

In canning vegetables, the same precautions must be observed as in canning fruit and it is safer to use jars that have either glass or metal tops.

Soap And Complexion.

Some complexions will not accept soap and water, others cannot endure oily substance. There is as much difference between complexions as there between digestions—what is food for one is poison for another.

As a general rule, for the average skin the soap and water bath at night is of great benefit. To retire with the dust and grime of the day remaining on one's countenance is to treat one's face negligently. To do away with the starched feeling of the skin, apply a good cold cream of skin food, which may be had from any toilet goods counter.

Potato Hints.

Better than mashed potatoes are whipped potatoes. They are made by whipping with a fork till light. They are flavored with butter and a little milk and whipped again until fluffy.

If the skins of potatoes are thoroughly scrubbed before baking it is a good idea to eat the entire potato. The mineral matter lying close to the skin is in this way eaten, and the skin has the beneficial effect on the system that coarse food matter possesses.

Potatoes that are to be French fried should be pared, cut into strips and soaked three hours before frying. They should be wiped dry with a clean dish towel before being entered into hot fat in a frying basket.

Cold left-over mashed potatoes may be made into an attractive dish by baking in a buttered dish with a sprinkling of grated cheese on top.

Next to potatoes for an economical starch food eat boiled rice or macaroni, either of which will fill the place of the potato.

HOW TO RIPEN FRUIT AND TOMATOES.

A good many people place tomatoes that have been picked green in the sun to ripen. To ripen tomatoes that have been picked green, all you have to do is to place them in a cool, dark place and they will ripen nicer and faster. Do the same with any fruit you want to ripen after picking.

HOE-CAKE.

In the memory of every Southerner of middle-age lingers a rich vision of the hoe-cake which old Aunt Jenny or Mammy Tiddy used to bake on a wood fire and eat with greens and "pot-licker."

the conferences during all these years since he established them."

Mr. Moody believed in hard work, and he worked hard all his life from the time he was a poor widow's son on a poor farm until he could work no more. A day or two before he was stricken in Kansas City he said to a reporter for The Star: "We are here to be busy. A man who has a chance to work and can't earn his living by honest labor ought to be buried. He isn't fit to live on the earth at all. I feel that I have earned my living every day, every single day."

And almost his last words as he was dying were: "I have always been an ambitious man, not to lay up wealth, but to find work to do."

Mr. Moody was the greatest evangelist of the Nineteenth Century, he was one of the greatest educators, too, and in the schools he established in Northfield for young men and women who had missed their opportunity he impressed upon all the value of work. He promised to those who would pay half their expenses that he would pay the other half, and on that plan the schools have gone on. His ten stands by this principle in his management of the schools and every pupil has work to do each day.

On the stone above Moody's grave on Round Top are these words: "He that doeth the will of God shall abide forever."

A repast of hoe-cake, honey and buttermilk surpassed any heavenly manna in the imagination of the old-time Southern child, who haunted the kitchen when hoe-cake hour arrived. Hoe-cake ingredients are very simple:

One pint of white cornmeal.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
Sufficient water to make a batter.
Put the cornmeal into a bowl, add the salt, and pour over it just enough boiling water to moisten the meal. Let it stand for a few minutes. Then add more water till the batter will drop easily from a spoon. Bake to a delicate brown on a hot griddle, and serve with a bit of butter on the top of each cake.

A hoe-cake should be at least four inches in diameter and one inch thick.

GOVERNOR-GENERALS OF CANADA FOR FIFTY YEARS

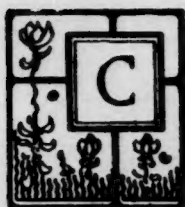
July 1, 1867—Viscount Monck, G. C. M. G.
February 2, 1869—Lord Lisgar, G. C. M. G. (Sir John Young).
July 25, 1872—The Earl of Dufferin, K. P., K. C. B., G. C. M. G.
November 25, 1878—The Marquis of Lorne, K. T., G. C. M. G.
October 23, 1883—The Marquis of Lansdown, G. C. M. G.
June 11, 1888—Lord Stanley of Preston, G. C. B.
Sept. 18, 1893—The Earl of Aberdeen, K. T., G. C. M. G.
November 12, 1898—The Earl of Minto, G. C. M. G.
December 10, 1904—The Earl of Grey, G. C. M. G.
October 13, 1911—Field-Marshal, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, K. G.
1917—The Duke of Devonshire, K. G., G. C. M. G., G. C. V. O., etc.

Some of the new knitting bags are of rich brocade or velvet to match the crown of the cap.

CICILY SEES HIM THROUGH

By Gladys Nelson

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



CICILY rushed through the door marked "private." Her hat was in her hand; her coat half off. A minute later she was at her machine, typing rapidly. Then she stopped as suddenly

as she started, looked out the window and waved mechanically to the man across the court.

She groaned to herself.

"Two years of the same nod and smile in the morning; the same ride home in the evening; the same talk of 'when I have perfected my feather-weight engine, dear—' Everything the same!"

"Why the fireworks?" a cool voice asked as the door banged to. "You came through the office so fast that there was an awful draft, and I caught cold."

"Oh, don't bother me," Cicily burst out. "I'm disgusted, discouraged, discontented, and every other 'dis' you can think of rolled up in one."

Jean Kennedy, the Old Man's private secretary, leaned against the high mahogany file case. Cicily looked at her. The neatly waved blond head seemed twice as neat and twice as blond against the dark red-brown wood. The fine lace collar made a soft, white frame for the intelligent face, and the blue eyes grew dark and serious as they looked down at the girl.

"What's the matter, little Eva?" she asked softly. "Has some one taken Uncle Tom away from you?" She nodded toward the opposite window.

Cicily shook her head and caught her lower lip between her teeth.

"It isn't that, Jeanie," she murmured tearfully. "It's—er—that—that blame engine he's inventing. It's taken such an age—and it's made"—she paused and lowered her voice—"made him a slacker!"

The blond head bent closer.

"Tell me about it, honey."

"He was drafted, and the authorities exempted him!"

"Why?"

"I don't know!"

"What are you going to do?" the Old Man's secretary asked anxiously.

"Do?" Cicily asked. "Why, see him through, of course. We're engaged, y'know."

Jean looked at her closely.

"Do you love him, Cicily?"

The brown head nodded.

"Certainly," she answered stoutly.

There was a second's silence, then Jean said quickly:

"Let me help you!"

Cicily turned and looked at the older girl.

"You mean it?" she murmured incredulously.

The clever blond head came close to the dark brown one.

"Leave it to me."

• • •

A WEEK later no one would have known Cicily. The soft brown hair was waved immaculately and piled high above the shadowy gray eyes. There was a new \$60 blue serge suit that looked at least a hundred; a fluffy gray fox scarf that brought out the pink in her cheeks, and a little hat that fairly shouted, "Imported!"

The Big Ben expression was gone from her face, too. And a look of studied indifference added a certain Broadway high-light to her whole make-up.

"You've been great, Cies, dear," Jean said her the seventh day that they had

Somehow or other you don't do what you think you're going to do in this world—proving that friend fate has a keen sense of humor

been living together. "The way you have refused his invitations would do credit to a stage celebrity with at least sixty suitors."

Cicily straightened a huge corsage of orchids and lily of the valley.

"If he comes tonight while I'm gone,

Vincent is a regular chap—yes, Perry's there!"

Then he thought of the young fellow who had been constantly at Cicily's side for the last few days. He had made a wonderful record in France. A hundred and thirty-six German planes in a year,

pink in the little face above the fluffy gray fox now. And the office across the way was still vacant.

Jean grew worried.

"You love Perry so much, Cicily?"

"Yes," she admitted. "He means everything to me, but I can't marry him—it doesn't seem like the square thing."

Jean looked bewildered.

"The square thing?" she repeated.

The girl nodded.

"With Jimmy heaven knows where—dying of a broken heart."

"Oh!" And the blond head dropped forward a little and hid the face of the Old Man's clever secretary.

The girl went on slowly:

"He's going back to France, Jean—unless I marry him tomorrow!" There was a little sob, and the gray eyes grew tragic. "I can't give him up, but I can't do something that doesn't seem right—can I?"

• • •

THE phone bell rang, and Jean answered it.

"For you," she said quietly.

"Jimmy Dale!" she exclaimed.

"Where have you been?" There was a pause, then she continued breathlessly:

"I can't see you now—Jean and I are dressing for the dinner the Country Club is giving for Perry Vincent. I'll see you tomorrow, though."

"He's back!" she exclaimed as she turned from the phone.

Jean nodded. She didn't seem surprised.

An hour later Cicily and Perry were standing in a shaded corner of the conservatory. Her eyes seemed more shadowy than ever as they looked up at him. Her pink and silver lace dress made her look like a freshly picked sweet pea. He wore the uniform of a French aviator.

He handed her a little white box. She opened it eagerly.

"My engagement ring, and my wedding ring!" she exclaimed incredulously.

"But, Perry, dear, I can't take either of them."

"Then I will ask to be sent back to France," he said quickly as he thrust them into his pocket and turned away.

"Yes, that is the best way," said Cicily in a small voice of unutterable woe.

They hadn't noticed the couple across the room until now.

"By Jove, that's Jimmy Dale!" Perry exclaimed.

"And Jean!" Cicily added.

"The government has just accepted his airplane engine," he went on enthusiastically.

"And he is kissing her!" she exclaimed in a surprised way, then she laughed happily and looked at Perry in a way that made him swear that his dreams had been holding out on him.

His arms were around her and a diamond ring was slipped on her left hand before she could speak.

"And you will marry me tomorrow?" he continued impetuously.

She looked up at him.

"You bet I will, Perry, darling," she said softly, then added under her breath as she looked at Jimmy and Jean, "I'd say that Cicily had seen you through!"

Perry looked at her.

"Did you say something, dear?"

She grinned, and the little face came closer and closer. She nodded and murmured in a funny voice:

"Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful world!"

[Copyright, 1917, by J. Keesley]

Very Likely

THE Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host. "Don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite'?"

"Ah, yes!" said the Frenchman. "I know the proverb, you know the proverb; but the dog—does he know the proverb?"

